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B ALLSOPP

Little adventures in
newspaperdom

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To Mr J. M. Cooke,
with kindest regards.

L. Walling



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FRED W. ALLSOPP,
Little Rock, Ark.

From the Press of
PARKE-HARPER PUBLISHING CO.
Little Rock, Ark.



*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men"—
And also by poor fools, I ken.*

**LITTLE
ADVENTURES
IN
NEWSPAPERDOM**

**BY
FRED W. ALLSOPP**

ILLUSTRATED

**ARKANSAS WRITER PUBLISHING CO.
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.**

1922

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PREFACE

I CALL these sketches "Little Adventures in Newspaperdom." While my excursions have practically been confined to the narrow world encompassed by the publication office of one particular newspaper, the experiences have none the less been actual adventures to me.

A part of the contents was brought out in a small edition as a local souvenir a few years ago. The demand for the book, particularly as it was circulated free, was greater than expected. The subject seemed to attract many who are interested in reading about the newspaper business. Therefore, I have been encouraged to eliminate the purely local features, and, after making some changes, corrections and additions, to endeavor to help it to meet the apparent need of books that will show something of the inside of a printing office and tell a little about the genus newspaperman.

The following is taken from the introduction to the first edition:

"While not supposing that there existed any pressing necessity for doing so, and, perhaps, with no other purpose than to gratify a foolish fancy, I have written some random recollections of the commonplace experiences of the years of my life which have been spent in a newspaper office.

"These experiences have not been unusually eventful, but the recital of any human experience, if properly presented, may prove interesting and furnish food for reflection.

"In this narrative which I propose to inflict on the unsuspecting and long-suffering reading public, if I am able to find a publisher sufficiently enterprising and appreciative to undertake the job of thus enlightening the world. I have not hesitated to digress whenever I felt like soliloquizing or moralizing. It will also be observed that I have not exercised a strict regard for the sequence of events, and, as I do not pretend to have followed any set plan, my pen having been allowed to glide at will, like the

river, the result is a sort of *melange* or hodgepodge of things seen, heard, experienced and imagined.

"Where I felt that I could not afford to tell the truth on myself, I have endeavored to be reminiscent about the other fellow.

"I have amused myself by occasionally substituting rhyme for reason, and I hope that those who are innocently led into reading these effusions, through curiosity, or otherwise, may find it in their hearts to forgive the enormity of my indiscretions in that line.

"If no other purpose is served, the writing of these pages has been a pleasant diversion to me."

FRED W. ALLSOPP.



TO MRS. F. W. A.

*Had I been favored by the gods
With true poetic fire,
I'd weave for you a chaplet rare,
Such as the gods inspire.*

*Poetic flowers inset with gems
From Fancy's treasure-trove
Should be the glowing fires to serve
As symbols of my love.*

*No fairies at my birth stood by
With genius to imbue;
So I inscribe this little book,
My Heart's Own Queen, to you.
F. W. A.*

LITTLE ADVENTURES IN NEWSPAPERDOM

CHAPTER I.

LINES TO THE "OLD LADY."*

Illustrious Arkansas Gazette,
'Tis many years since first we met,
Yet well do I remember
When I approached your sanctum first,
Adventure, knowledge, work athirst,
One day in mild September.

Revered Gazette, bright morning star,
What fond remembrancer you are
Of golden days of beauty—
When Fancy whispered to my ear,
When proud Ambition silenced fear,
And Printing was sweet duty.

I was a simple little boy,
Who deemed it would be endless joy
To serve a dame so royal;
So I resolved to be your knight,
Forever in your cause to fight,
With heart sincere and loyal.

No Don Quixote ever fought,
Or favor of a princess sought
With sentiments more knightly,
Than those I entertained for you,
The day I joined your busy crew,
When youth's clear fires burned brightly.

It gratified my soul to find
Your potent power to sway mankind;
With words at times resistless,

*The Arkansas Gazette has been known for many years as the "Old Lady" of the State Press.

You opened wide my eyes to Truth,
And helped to smooth my ways, uncouth,
My great and noble mistress.

'Tis true I heard you called a hag,
Who far behind the times must lag,
By those unduly jealous;
Some smiled when you would advocate,
Or criticize, affairs of state,
Believing you o'er zealous.

But no one could malign the name
Of such a high and worthy dame
With charges of deeds shady,
Without provoking show of fight
From one who was the valiant knight
Of Arkansas' Old Lady.

'Twas royalty that I espoused,
A queen who ardent love aroused—
Long praised in song and story;
At whose high court were noblemen
Who worked away with brain and pen
For your eternal glory.

I owe you much, My Lady great,
For influencing my poor fate;
You made life's problems clearer,
And though you have exacting been,
Your smiles to me were sweet to win,
As each year found you dearer.



ENTERING THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS

I can hardly realize that I have served more than thirty-six years continuously in the office of the ARKANSAS GAZETTE, at Little Rock, Arkansas. This is a long time when one tries to look ahead that far, but the years have passed so quickly to me that it seems but yesterday that I stepped into the office the first time.

My name has not been off the publishers' pay-roll for a single day during all the years mentioned—indeed, that is a point which I have taken particular pains to guard against. I have managed to draw my salary with great and scrupulous regularity, though for years the amount was not of great moment, and there were times when the publishers were barely able to pay salaries. I was always desirous of practicing a methodical regard for detail and duty.

I have seen this journal grow greatly in size, character, prestige and volume of business. I have lived to see it wax rich enough to print a colored comic section and Mutt & Jeff cartoons, together with a profusion of half-tone illustrations, and all the high-brow features put out by the syndicates; which attractions, according to the editor, places it on the highest pinnacle of successful present-day journalism. I have enjoyed seeing it transformed from a bad financial sink-hole to a valuable money-making property, and have contributed all I could to its success. In fact, I have at times been vain enough to think that the old sheet would have sickened and perhaps gone to the newspaper grave-yard long ago but for me.

While an editor and a manager, with a few assistants, handled the business and got out the paper in the early days, it can now boast of all the high-sounding titles in managers, editors and sub-editors that any metropolitan newspaper employs. These include a Manager, an Editor-in-Chief, an Associate Editor, a Managing Editor, a State News Editor, a Telegraph Editor, a

Night Editor, a City Editor, a Sporting Editor, a Society Editress and a Paragrapher.

The paper has had more than a dozen different managements during my connection with it, and before I became one of its owners, I would wonder with every change of administration if my time had come, and sometimes tremble in my shoes lest I should lose out. In each instance, however, it was my good fortune to be asked to remain, without directly seeking retention. It became a standing joke among my associates that I was put on the inventory and transferred with the chattels when a change occurred in the management or the paper was sold. Occasionally



Mutt and Jeff, Two Comical Creations of Bud Fischer, Which Have Created Much Merriment for the Newspaper Readers.
(The Bell Syndicate, New York.)

when a fellow wanted to flatter me, he was apt to refer felicitously to this tendency to stick-to-itiveness on my part by comparing me to Tennyson's brook, which, "while men may come and men may go," went on forever.

I began with the paper so early in my life, and remained with its different publishers so long and persistently, that some of them were wont to claim that they had raised me. One of them once remarked, in speaking of me, "why, d—— it, I almost raised that boy." I take these intended pleasantries as somewhat complimentary, because if those who made them were entirely ashamed of me, they would be more apt to deny rather than claim such relationship.

This publication office has indeed been almost parent and school to me, and if I have been any good in the world, it is through my connection with it.

My going to the paper was due to the fact that I was early imbued with the ambition to become a great journalist. I believed that in this high calling I could wield a desired influence for good in the world. At fourteen years of age, I fondly cherished the hope of being some day the editor, publisher, or proprietor—and perhaps all three—of the largest metropolitan daily in New York or London. If it had been fashionable in those days to have a chain of newspapers, a la Hearst, Munsey, Ochs, Pulitzer or Viscount Northcliffe, I doubtless would also have dreamed of that little fad. I am reminded that at about that time I expressed my misguided desire in a parody, something like the following:

IN NEWSPAPER LAND.

I wish I were with the copy-sprinters,
Scribbling there among the printers.

In Newspaper Land I'd take my stand
To live and die an editor.
Hie away, hie away! To Newspaper Land.

I wish I were an editor.
In Newspaper Land I'd take my stand,

To live and die an Editor.

Hie away, Hie Away! to Newspaper Land.

Oh, gay the times we'd have together,

No matter what the kind of weather.

Hie away, hie away! to Newspaper Land.

'Twould be always gay and pleasant there;

We'd see no cloud; we'd know no care.

Hie away, hie away! To Newspaper Land.

CHORUS.

Hie away, hie away! to Newspaper Land, etc.

But, alas for the illusions of youth! I am yet confined to the business office of the "great religious daily" referred to, instead of moulding public opinion and rendering oracles from the editorial tripod of the aforesaid New York or London Thunderer—and, incidentally, rolling in wealth. No doubt I was never intended for such an exalted position as I aspired to, or, perchance, the modern newspaper, with its greatly increased size, and bewildering activities, has developed so rapidly that my meagre stock of grey matter would not enable me to keep up with the journalistic procession.

I am consoled by the fact that the business end is the real Brains Department of a newspaper, although, of course, no editor is liberal-minded enough to admit it.

I am forcibly reminded of my early anxiety to do something in the newspaper world by a letter which one of my old employers handed me, with the remark, "Here's a letter which I found in my old cedar trunk; I wonder if your ambition has been satisfied." The letter was a serious one which I had written to him years before, and ran as follows:

"Little Rock, July 24, 1887.

"Dear Sir—I hope you will not think me discontented or ungrateful, because I make you a proposition in regard to a change of position on the paper, for I assure you that I fully appreciate

the interest you took in me when you gave me a place in the office, and also your kindness in granting me an unsolicited, but much-needed, increase in salary.

"I like the newspaper business, and expect to remain in the harness for life, but I am ambitious to some day be at the head of some leading paper of the mighty press of the country.

"I realize that a young man like myself, whose opportunities have not been the best, and who has not a surplus amount of brains, to arrive at even a tolerable standard of excellence must direct all his energies to some certain end; and if I had a place in the editorial department, I would have desired experience and more time for reading and study.

"I believe I have some little talent in that direction, and when additional help is required in that department, I should be glad if you would remember me.

"Yours truly,

"FRED W. ALLSOPP."

A scrap of paper serves some times to call up from the past a host of dead faces—some angelic in form, others like haunting demons—and what a train of recollections the perusal of this letter awakes! I had the desired opportunity to enter the editorial rooms several years later, but I did not make the splendid success that I fancied, as will be shown. The auspices, however, were unfavorable at the time, and it may be that the latent talent which I supposed I possessed, was entirely too *latent* to be aroused into successful action.

I entered the employ of the Gazette in September, 1884, when seventeen years of age, but my first connection with the paper antedated that several years. I commenced to handle it as a local news-agent, during my fourteenth year, at Prescott, Ark., and I remember well that I sold on the streets of that town a great many copies of the Gazette containing the startling news of the assassination of President Garfield, on July 2, 1881. The paper was

then a large eight-column folio sheet, very unwieldy to handle. The supply came to me unfolded. The people were so eager for the issue of that day and it sold so rapidly that I did not have time to fold the copies as in exchange for nickels I dispensed them to the waiting multitude, hungry for news.



The Author selling Gazettes 40 years ago. (His mother, however, says that this picture is not an authentic one, as she never allowed her son to wear patched breeches).

In August, 1883, I was appointed local correspondent of the Gazette at the same place, as shown by the following letter, which I retain as a memento of the past:

"Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 7, 1883.

Fred W. Allsopp, Esq., Prescott, Ark.:

"My Dear Sir—Your favor of the 24th received. We should be glad to have you act as our correspondent at Prescott. Send all the news and take no sides in politics. Send only the most important news by telegraph, filing your messages at or after 6 p. m., with instructions to rush through in time to make our first edition at midnight. As often as you have news that you can get up in time for train, it will save the expense of telegraphing

and serve us equally well. We will pay you for important telegrams fifty cents, and for letters twenty-five cents. Please advise us if this is satisfactory and we will send credentials.

"Yours truly,

"GEORGE R. BROWN, Secretary."

The foregoing communication was written on an old-style No. 1 Remington typewriter, the characters of which were all capitals, and while they were in fact large, the message which they conveyed made them seem to stand out to my eyes in bold relief, like box-car letters in red. I lost no time in notifying the publisher that I would be glad to act as correspondent on the terms proposed, and in due time I accordingly received the following credential:

"THE GAZETTE

"Little Rock, Ark., Aug. 29, 1883.

To Whom It May Concern:

"Mr. Fred W. Allsopp, of Prescott, Ark., is hereby appointed special correspondent of the ARKANSAS GAZETTE, with authority to send News Telegrams at the expense of the undersigned, at such times as he may think proper, and to represent the GAZETTE upon all occasions of sufficient public interest.

(Seal)

"GAZETTE PRINTING CO.,

"By Geo. R. Brown, Secretary."

For a time, in my own estimation, I was the most important man in town, and for several months afterward I fondly carried the preceding certificate in my inside pocket, except when engaged in exhibiting it to my friends.

I then practiced sending in such highly sensational and important items as—

"Our enterprising townsman, Mr. So-and-So, left last night for Little Rock, to purchase a mammoth stock of goods."

"The beautiful and accomplished Miss Smith was married yesterday to Mr. John Jones, one of our most promising young attorneys."

"Colonel Smith, the largest planter in the county, reports crops badly damaged by the drouth," etc.

"The City Calaboose was destroyed by fire last night."

"The heaviest snow-storm of the season occurred yesterday."

"Bill Brown's barn burned last night."

"Circuit Court is in session and a large number of cases are to be disposed of, among them," etc..

Upon asking for specific instructions in regard to the sending of certain items on one occasion, I received from the paper a letter which said:

"Dear Sir—Replying to yours of the 10th inst., we were not aware that you expected us to *order* news. We thought you were to send everything of great importance, and matter relating to Little Rock or Arkansas people; and in case of doubt were to ask instructions by telegraph. Of course, *we cannot know in advance when news is going to happen in your town*, and therefore cannot instruct you, except in a very general way.

"The Associated Press cuts a small figure with us so far as Arkansas news is concerned. Send in whatever big news of a general character you get, and any news of interest that in a special manner affects Arkansas people. We want no fights between ordinary folks. Your newspaper instinct must, after all, guide you, with an occasional suggestion from us. What would you want if you were running a Little Rock newspaper that is always crowded? That is the question you must answer in determining what to send. When in doubt, query us. Respectfully,

"GAZETTE. "

I once wired in what I considered an important and well written special—or "story," they now call them—and lots of them are stories, in truth. The unappreciative telegraph editor heartlessly returned the telegraph company's copy to me, with "ROT! ROT! ROT!" blue-penciled across the face of it in large letters and heavily underscored. The blow nearly broke my heart.

Such treatment makes me think that the autocratic, matter-of-fact news-editor, when he ruthlessly consigns an item to the waste-basket, or cuts the "stuffin'" out of it, because it is not a first-class story, or gotten up in true metropolitan style, does not

stop to consider how hard the inexperienced correspondent from the "sticks" may have worked to send in the simple story, or how terribly in earnest he may have been in his desire to serve the paper. Nor can he always appreciate when using his pruning pencil how important a really insignificant item may be considered by the people in the little burg from which it is sent.

The editor is usually not very sentimental, if he is any good, and he has no time or sympathy to waste.



Where many children of the brain are heartlessly wasted.

CHAPTER II.

EXPERIENCES IN A COUNTRY PRINTING OFFICE.

SHORTLY after I became a special correspondent, I worked for three months in the office of the Nevada County Picayune, a weekly newspaper, published at Prescott, Ark., learning to "set" type. I served those thirteen weeks, happily, to satisfy my thirst for knowledge of the printing business, receiving absolutely nothing for my services except *experience* and the satisfaction of having access to the exchange table and a fairly good library which the editor had in his office. Pay was a secondary consideration with me then, for to me the work was play, and I thought a printing office was the open sesame to literature and everything that was great in the world. I saw a grand vista of glory opening up before me, and was content. I there learned to handle the composing-stick tolerably well, after "piing" every case in the office; to pull a Washington hand press; to kick a foot-power jobber,—and to turn out simple job work. Another accomplishment which I acquired was to "jeff" with quads for watermelons and soda-water. It was there, as I inked the press forms, and "took hold of the great Archimedean lever, to jerk it early and late in the interest of freedom," that I inhaled my first smell of printers' ink, the fascination or the curse of which, it is said, never leaves one who has been thoroughly inoculated with the virus of its contagious germs.

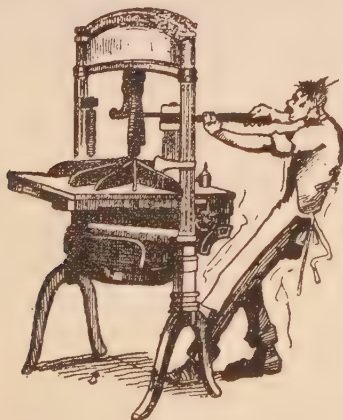
THE LURE OF PRINTERS' INK.

Apprenticed to the printing trade
When I was young and gay;
The office devil I essayed,
And held the force at bay;
I pied the type the foreman laid
Just like a country jay;

I kicked the press—the poor old jade,
And sang a roundelay;
After a while, without much aid,
I learned job work to slay,
And when the grind too heavy weighed,
I hankered after play.
When foremen swore—would have me flayed,
I longed from there to stray,
But still I prayed, set type, and stayed—
And why?—Just let me say—
'Twas not alone for wages paid,
To buy my bread each day,
For 'tis a fact when men invade
The print shop's inky way,
They find the smell,—Minerva made—
Holds its alluring sway.

It is said that there are pleasures in madness known only to madmen; so there are pleasures in the newspaper business known only to those who follow it.

The owner of the Picayune, who was a talented young lawyer, named Dudley Madden, was absent a great deal. The newspaper,



Pulling the "Great Archimedean Lever."

in fact, was a side-line with him. During his absences, when work was slack, two of the printers, who were above the average in intelligence and aspirations, resorted to the editor's room, where he kept his library. I followed them when I could do so, and the three of us would there do snatches of reading. Often one of us would also declaim a popular or catchy poem, such as "Annabel Lee," "Beautiful Snow," or "The Psalm of Life," for our mutual edification. It was a harmless and intelligent pastime, and had the effect of strengthening my natural love for poetry.

These two printers were brothers, named Andrew and Walter Ross. Walter afterwards reformed, forsook the wicked printery and became a Methodist preacher. I heard him deliver a sermon a few years later, and, while I was glad to see him doing all the good he could, it was something of an adventure to hear a man pleading for souls who a few years before was as profane as most printers—and as a class they are not noted for piety.

I remember with much pleasure several others of those who were employed in that little printing office at the time. One of them taught me to roll the forms, and laughed at me when I complained of aching arms or ventured to thank goodness that the circulation of the paper was only about twenty quires.

I shall indeed always have pleasant memories of that Picayune office. And wherever I chance to be, I never pass a print shop but what my footsteps want to stop, as if it were home I'd found. Though it is the dingiest little place, where the types are dusty and look dumb, there is something magical about a printer's case, as well as about the click of the linotype machine; and there is always joy for me in the hum of the press. But, the Picayune office was a first love.

Could I influence fate's ways,
Make at will my choice of days—
 Could the speeding hours expend
With companions, grave or gay,

As I chose, until the end—
Free to take up work or play,
Small or great things to direct—
What think you I would select?

If among the towns I've known
Whether small or mighty grown,
Fair or ugly to the eye,
Under southern skies, or north,
In low vales, on mountains high—
I were free to sally forth,
As unhampered waters flow,
Guess where I would straightway go?

To a print shop I would go,
Where I mastered what I know
Of the mysteries of type,—
Learned to jeff and swear a bit,
And to puff a corn-cob pipe,
While I smiled at printers' wit,
On a fragile weekly sheet,
Published at a county seat.

I would waive success' full hour,
Every hope of wealth and power,
Plus a castle by the sea,
Just to be a galley boy,
Could those days come back to me
When each minute rich in joy,
Found me with the printing crew
In a little shop I knew.

First impressions are the most lasting. Mr. E. E. White, a former editor of the Picayune, had made an impression on my mind and heart before I had the experience of working on that paper. It was when my father was the Acting Postmaster of the town, and I assisted him in sorting and post-marking letters. This editor wrote up the "accommodating postmaster" and his assistants, in true country newspaper style. He mentioned me as being as polite as a basket of chips and as spry as a kitten. It was the

first time I had had the pleasure of reading my name in print, and it made me as proud as a turkey-gobbler, although I cannot see why I should have felt complimented on being likened to a basket of chips.

I would have been ashamed at that time to admit how much this little incident pleased me, but I have since learned that the glamour of seeing one's name in print has an almost universal appeal. It is as pleasing to the reader as applause from his audience is to the public speaker; and "what heart of man is proof against" the "sweet, seducing charms" of popular applause? This is the reason that wise editors get the names of as many people as possible into their publications.

THE GLAMOUR OF PRINT.

How conceited oft are mortals
Who invade newspaper portals,
Though such tendency they scorn until the last;
Vain are most newspaper readers,
And especially the leaders,
Who in politics and social life are classed.

They may say they do not court it—
Dare the papers to report it—
But the editors are crabbed, to be sure,
If they fail to know what's hinted,
And to see that it is printed
In a column that is not at all obscure.

When the head-set gives a party,
Where the welcome has been hearty,
And the scribes write up the swellest hats and gowns,
Envious are maidens slighted,
If not actually excited,
As is evidenced by divers smirks and frowns.

Clever women beat men scheming,
And they act while men are dreaming—
When they pant to get their names or plans in print,

But the men, with few exceptions,
Practice deeper-dyed deceptions,
While both relish public mention without stint.

Years after I worked for it, another owner of the *Picayune* was indicted, unjustly, I believe, on a charge of boodling in the legislature, of which he was a member. There was nothing around or in connection with that poor little journal that looked or smelled like boodle in my day, but times with it in a financial way may have improved since then.

While the work at the *Picayune* office was intensely interesting and highly pleasing to me, I soon began to feel that that office was too circumscribed and picayunish for a boy like me. After a while, when I cut a wisdom tooth, I sighed for a wider field of operation—and some compensation for what I vainly considered were my valuable services.

I then, with the consent of my parents, timidly and with much foreboding, wrote to the *Gazette*, at Little Rock, to make application for a position. I wrote of my experience with the *Picayune*, unconsciously enlarging a bit on that.

This was the first and only time that I have ever applied for a position, and I was successful. It happened that a mailing-clerk was needed by the *Gazette*, and the fact that I had stated that I knew something about “sticking” type decided the manager to take a chance on giving me a trial.

The mailing-clerk had to put subscribers’ names into type. I was not any too good a printer to perform that part of my work, and I have never had opportunity to become a better one.

Well, I lost no time in repairing to Little Rock, and my spirits rose high as the fateful hour for my departure drew nigh. I thought, “Why, of course, I shall succeed; I am a man, able and anxious to battle with the world.”

The events of that period are more vividly impressed on my mind than those of any other. I distinctly remember that

that night's sleep at home was not good. It was long past midnight before I closed my eyes, while generally I retired when the chickens went to roost. One of my brothers, with whom I slept, told my mother the next morning that I must have had a fever, as I was so restless.

While pitching and tossing on my little bed in the silence of that last night at home, what a panorama of ideas revolved in my simple mind! I was at an age when a boy is ever ready to "listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope." All the acts and incidents of my past life were brought before me more vividly than ever before. A thousand times did my thoughts fly over the road from that place to the supposed scene of my future operations. When old Morpheus did obtain control of my senses, I dreamed of being a great newspaper man.

Who has not realized bright anticipations and fondly cherished hopes in Dreamland? Experience, however, teaches youth that he must not rely on shadowy dreams; that the things of this world are not always what they seem, and many of our idealistic notions are knocked sky-high by the realistic affairs of life with which we as full-fledged actors in the real play of life become surrounded and absorbed.

I was no exception to the rule that when a young man starts out he feels that he is a very important personage; full of hope, high spirits and confidence, he believes himself able to conquer everything before him, and there is absolutely no limit to his ambitious aims. The calling which he desires to adopt he believes can only bring him happiness. No idea of misfortune, that his vocation will ever prove distasteful to him, or that he will not always be equal to the emergency, ever enters his head. He is eager for the fray, forms numerous resolutions, and enthusiastically formulates plans of Herculean magnitude, which he genuinely hopes to carry out to the letter.

He never dreams of the bitter disappointments he may suffer, or of the difficulties his own weaknesses may cause him. He encounters influences which cause him to make failures; he finds that there are limitations placed on his actions, and that trouble cannot be avoided. After weathering a few reverses, he sees that there is a dark side to his picture of life. A little later, if he is not made of superior stuff, he becomes so sick of "hope deferred," so badly discouraged by a succession of disappointments, that he longs to get out of the turmoil and strife, and wishes he were back home reposing on the bosom of his mother. Then he bemoans his cruel fate, and considers himself the most unfortunate person on God's footstool, when, in reality, he is only encountering the difficulties which nearly every one has to surmount. The most of us can call up a long list of recollections of crushed hopes and unrealized aspirations. Such is life! And the disappointments suffered are mostly the cost of misplaced ambition—the striving after something which is not good for us or is beyond our reach. Ambitious desires are the curse of many, and yet, what would this world be without ambitious men and women? It would come to a dead standstill; there would be nobody to make the wheels go 'round; we would be reduced to a state of savagery, and all things would soon come to an end. Ambition is a greater force in inspiring action than is duty, but our ambitions are not always laudable ones or rightly directed.

I was blessed with the prayers of a good mother; and my father, who had always been an example of sobriety, industry and earnestness, counselled me in his parting admonitions, to disprove the saying of Dr. Samuel Johnson, that "he that embarks on the voyage of life will always wish to advance rather by the impulse of the wind, than the strokes of the oar;" because, as the sage further said, "many founder in the passage, while they are waiting for the gale that is to waft them to their wish."

Good-byes were said to father and mother, to brother and

sisters, and the home-tie was broken. I left them on a bright autumn morning, and the sorrow of parting was the only cloud on the horizon of my thoughts. I was controlled by the warmth and lightheartedness of youth.

I was off for Little Rock. It was my first great adventure, and was not only a trip to the beautiful capital of Arkansas, but for me the real beginning of a journey through a world of mingled joys and sorrows.



Off for Little Rock, in Quest of Smiling Dame Fortune.

CHAPTER III.

IN LITTLE ROCK, THE FAR-FAMED "CITY OF ROSES."

On alighting from the train at Little Rock, which had not yet become the bustling metropolis it now is, I saw by following the crowd that the way to get up town was by boarding a mule car which was in waiting. I asked the conductor to put me off at the Gazette Office, but that unaccommodating nickel-gatherer replied that he did not know "where in the devil" that was. Here was a shock for me, as I had thought this newspaper, which was nearly seventy years old, and the State's leading, largest and oldest public journal, was such an important public enterprise that everybody would know where its office was located. But I suppose the ranks of the street car conductors were recruited then, as now, from the rural districts. A passenger, with a malicious smile, volunteered the information that the office of "the dirty rag known as the Gazette" was on the corner of Markham and Scott streets. I then requested the conductor to stop there or at the nearest point hereto, but he carried me a way up Main street, about a mile in the wrong direction. I was compelled to take another car back and spend an additional nickel, which disappointed me, as I had no money to waste.

I remember that an elderly woman entered the Gazette office almost simultaneously with myself. She desired to insert an advertisement, and a clerk stepped up to the counter to receive it. The notice was written out at the woman's dictation, and read to her, when she suggested some change in the wording, and then asked the price. She was greatly surprised to learn that the advertisement would cost as much as fifty cents, and went off, saying that she guessed she wouldn't put it in.

"Just like a fool woman," disgustedly remarked the clerk, a witty Irish boy, named Tom Dullahan, whom I came to know

well and love much; "now why in Sam Hill couldn't she have asked the price of that Want Ad and moved on before she put me to so much trouble?"

After the woman withdrew, I asked the same young man: "Is this the Gazette Office?"

Not having gotten over his feeling of resentment toward the aggravating customer, he replied: "Why, of course it is; what do you suppose it is?" as he perched himself on a high stool and proceeded to fill the room with cigarette smoke.

"Is the manager in?" I timidly ventured to enquire.

"No," snapped he; but, with the aid of a verbal corkscrew, I managed to extract from him the information that the manager would be there in about an hour.

I thought my reception a very cold one, and a damper was placed on my hopeful feelings. I was a country boy, who had heard that city folks were insensate business propositions, but I was not prepared to have the very blood frozen in my veins. I easily imagined that some drooping ornaments at the top of the railing of the counting-room were icicles. This was long, too, before the paper was owned by a certain splendid banker whose place of business was known as the "Cold Storage."

I know now that I was unduly sensitive, and expected too much consideration from people who knew nothing of me. No one since has had less cause for complaint on account of his treatment by his fellowman.

I had an hour to wait for the manager, and I recall that I sauntered up Markham street, until I arrived at the classic old State House, since abandoned for the more pretentious two-million dollar Capitol. I entered the grounds and proceeded to occupy one of the old green benches which have stood in the yard for years and years, selecting one under a fine elm. I thought it a pleasant resort. A delightful breeze from the river fanned my face, while I looked over a copy of the Gazette, which had

been given me at the office. I read little, however, for everything was new and strange to me. I could not avoid falling into a train of meditation, which was soon interrupted through the interposition of some stragglers, who, like myself, had sought rest and shade in the inviting grounds. One man took a seat near-by and buried himself in a paper, on another two rowdies were devouring the contents of a bottle which had a suspicious look about it; a short distance away, in front of a fountain, appeared a group of typical dudes, who were smoking cigarettes, and indulging in much laughter and profane language. Others were quenching their thirst at the public well, which from the indications, would soon have been drunk dry were it not an inexhaustible spring. A beggar approached me, and, with a pathetic appeal, touched my tender heart and extracted another coin from my meagre pocketbook.

I became particularly interested in the actions of one old man, who was seated on a mounted Civil War cannon, a short distance from me. He was undoubtedly a poor tramp—a rolling stone that had gathered no moss—and I was touched by his too-apparent unhappiness. He was tattered and torn, and appeared to be in such mental anguish that he could not rest. He moved around uneasily, ran his fingers through his hair, pulled his unkempt whiskers, shook himself, wrung his hands, and altogether was so pitiable that I shall never forget the sight of him. Some terrible anguish was evidently racking the brain of the poor creature. As to the cause, who knows whether it was a just punishment for sins committed by himself, the result of man's inhumanity, or woman's perfidy? All along through life we see such specimens of human suffering, to whom the world is a vale of tears.

Many a poor, penniless wanderer, who "hath not where to lay his head" elsewhere, has found temporary rest in that old Arkansas State House yard.

The next morning I read in the Gazette a matter-of-fact account of the suicide of an unknown man by drowning in the river, and I have every reason to believe that it was the poor sinner whom I had seen writhing in misery the day before.

“One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to his death.”

Occasionally the paper, in its province of news-vender, publishes stories as sad as that just related, and the waters of the Arkansas, flowing past the city, doubtless conceal tragedies stranger and sadder than any that have been recorded in type.

And thus for the past thirty-six years, I have not only read religiously, but I have helped to produce the journal in which have been chronicled many items similar to the one referred to, and whose files include in their sometimes faded pages, the births, marriages, fortunes, misfortunes, and finally the deaths, of people in the Commonwealth of Arkansas.

When I returned to the office after my breathing spell in the State House park, the manager had just stepped in and was walking to his private office in the rear. This manager, whose name was George Russ Brown, received me kindly and introduced me to the men in the office. He also introduced me to my work without any unnecessary delay. He kept me at it, too, as long as I was under him, but I must say that he was himself a wheel-horse for work.

The boys in the office to whom I was introduced, when they learned that I was to be one of them, looked at me something like a pack of strange dogs that size up each other on a chance meeting. They warmed up to me, however, told a joke or two and exchanged some compliments with me. One of them, who

seemed to take a pride in the shop, kindly took me on a tour of inspection of the establishment.

The plant consisted of the front office, the press room in the basement, the editorial rooms in the front part of the second floor, with the composing room in the rear of same, while a job printing and binding department was in the rear of the business office on the first floor.

While the publishers maintained a job printing department, as is the case with most small dailies, that department was abandoned when the paper began to assume metropolitan proportions. Such a department is undoubtedly an advantage to the small paper, where the different classes of work can go hand in hand, under the supervision of the same management; but the larger paper must have trained newspaper workers, who are not supposed to know much about job printing. They are therefore distinct branches of the printing business.

It was also found that often the two businesses were conflicting. If a man gave the job department a big order, he seemed to expect favors from the newspaper; and the large advertiser was disposed to exact concessions on his commercial printing.

The mechanical plant was poorly equipped in comparison with present standards; besides too many foremen and superintendents of departments were required, and from every standpoint it was advisable to dispose of the commercial printing feature of the business.

Shortly before this question came up for consideration, the company had sold its country newspaper ready-print business, known as the Arkansas Newspaper Union, to the Western Newspaper Union.

This feature had been established on the theory that, having access to the news, and being able to use the matter which was printed in the Gazette in the auxiliary sheets for the country weeklies, a great advantage over other ready-print houses would

be enjoyed: but the large concerns like the A. N. Kellogg Company and the Western, cut prices below cost, with the evident intention of forcing out the little fellow.

I was disappointed to find that my labors were mostly to be performed at night, and I had little to do on that afternoon after I was shown what manner of work was expected of me.

There happened to be a circus in town, and the foreman of the composing room, a kindly disposed man named M. C. Morris, who desired to show the stranger a good time, proposed that he and I go to the show. That suited me immensely. He had passes, and I had for the first time in my life the exquisite pleasure of going to the circus on a newspaper "comp." All who have enjoyed the thrill of a pass will know what an agreeable sensation the first favor of the kind occasions in one. After awhile, when you become accustomed to such civilities, and expect them as a matter of course, you reach a point where it grows painful to spend money on such things as they provide, no matter how wealthy you may be.

Amusement and railroad passes were, I soon discovered, among the chief delights of the young newspaper man. And, by the way, the coming of a circus to town was always a source of both profit and pleasure to the office. It usually enriched the paper's coffers by a good advertising contract, and provided as well a bunch of complimentaries.

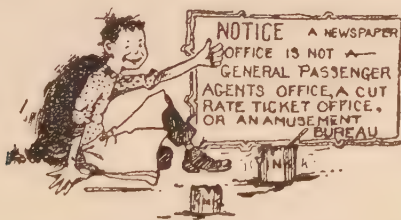
Most people think the newspaper men not only get amusement and railroad tickets galore, but that they get almost everything else free, and therefore everybody envies the press boys and wants to break into the business. The fact is overlooked that, while the newspaper man does receive a great many courtesies, he seldom has any money. The public thinks—

O the newspaper man is a jolly old soul,
He rides and he frolics and pays no toll.
He receives *carte blanche* to everything,
Is feasted everywhere like a king.

And as for money, he never needs that,
It's nothing to him to be busted flat.
He enjoys Life's Circus wholly free,
For his days are one long jubilee.

Monarchs and mighty ones tremble and shake
At the havoc or glory his words can make;
So they all make courtesy when he goes by,
And limit his liberty by the sky.

Although the editors do receive many favors, the favors have to be reciprocated in some way, and the conscientious journalist will not accept courtesies for which he cannot return a *quid pro quo*. The principals of reciprocity and compensation must be recognized by right-minded men. The shows demand notices in exchange for courtesies, and the railroads expect advertising. As to the latter, the restrictions of the Interstate Commerce Commission in the past few years have compelled the roads to discontinue the issuance of editorial transportation on interstate trips, and the more recent legislation has caused the lines to be drawn still closer.



After I assumed a managerial position, I was solicited so frequently for railroad transportation and hotel due-bills, sometimes by people who pretended to buy them at reduced rates, but principally by those who were simply "on the work," and not infrequently by frauds or newspaper bums who had not a shadow of claim to them, on their own account or for any other reason, that I had a sign printed to show to such nervy folks. It was to

the effect that my office was not a general transportation agency, a cut-rate ticket office, nor an amusement bureau.

To return to the subject of the circus: My companion and I "saw the elephant," drank red lemonade and ate peanuts, to my heart's content on the festive occasion, and I forthwith decided that Little Rock was a perfect heaven on earth—the greatest place in the world.

When I came back from the circus, the company's mechanical engineer, who seemed to take an unusual interest in me, kindly undertook to find a boarding house for me, which I had overlooked doing in my mad pursuit of pleasure. He took me to one which was conducted by three estimable old maids, named Hill—almost "as old as the hills," who, after they became aware of my many virtues, treated me like a son.

It was at this pleasant boarding house that I subsequently met a sweet girl, whose occasional sight somehow exercised such an influence over me as to give me an added interest in life, and to put romance into the somewhat prosaic work which I had undertaken in my new home.

I have therefore often thought that there was something more than mere chance that directed me both to the Gazette office and to this simple boarding house; and I firmly believe that there is "a divinity that shapes our ends."

"Dory," the engineer, was a big-hearted Irishman. He is dead now, but I shall always revere his memory. He probably saved my life some time after I became connected with the plant, by hauling me out of the press-room basement during a fire, when I was asleep down there on a pile of mail sacks. "Kid, let's get out of here quick," said he. He almost saved my life previous to this, on the first night I went to work there, in another way.

I had not prepared for the demands of a healthy appetite during the night while at work, by bringing a lunch with me, as the other employees did, and it being my first experience at night

work, I got ravenously hungry before morning. He found it out and turned over to me his lunch basket, bountifully filled, letting me think it had been sent to me from the boarding house. I ate every mouthful of its contents, and enjoyed it as I remember relishing few meals. I was afterward told of "Dory's" generous sacrifice—that he had said he was sorry for the "kid," as he called me, and had given me his supper. I felt that I had imposed upon him, and apologized, but he only laughed good-naturedly, as he watched me stack papers.



CHAPTER IV.

THE MAILING CLERK—PRINTING OFFICE TRICKS.

AS the mailing clerk, I was to succeed a young man who was transferred to another department, but who was to remain with me until I had “learned the ropes.”

Charles and Theodore McKowan were two of my co-laborers.

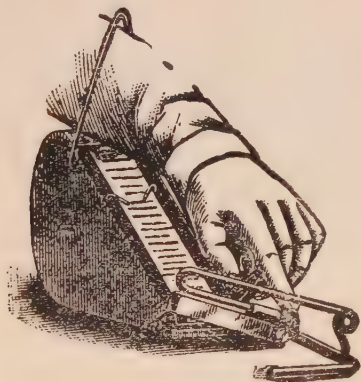
I am free to confess that I had been greatly mistaken in regard to the kind of work I was to do, but I hoped eventually to get something better, and determined, instead of throwing up the sponge, to stick and try to work up.

If my mother had seen me at the mail-table in the press room, working away at a pile of papers, my sleeves rolled up, wearing a big apron, a blue pencil behind my ear, my clothes bespattered with paste, and my face smeared with dust and ink, she would hardly have recognized her darling eldest boy.

Subscribers to out-of-town publications that go through the mails have noticed the little yellow or red address labels that are stamped on the first page of their papers—sometimes appearing right across the headline or in the most interesting part of an article of which they are anxious to read every word, instead of on the white margin of the sheet, where it should have been.

This old process of addressing papers and magazines is still used, but few outside of the publication offices know how the labels are affixed, or the way in which these little slips are made to register accurately on every copy of the paper the name and date of the expiration of the subscription. A world of book-keeping is avoided by this simple system. The names as received are set into type, with the date of expiration, and carried on galleys, from which proofs on special colored paper are taken. The strips on which the names appear are pasted together and placed in what is called a Dick Mailing Machine (out of the

invention of which a minister made a fortune), and by its use are stamped on the papers by hand. I was to perform this work. I set the names in type, affixed the printed slips on papers or packages, and then dispatched the mail. There were two editions



The Dick Mailer.

of the paper then,—one at midnight, which was sent to subscribers on north and south railroads, and the regular morning, or complete, paper, issued at about 4 a. m., which went to city subscribers and those at out-of-town points which could not be reached by the early edition.

I do not wish to give away any state secrets relative to circulations, because it is an ethic of our profession to respect such things, but I will say that it is a fact that I often carried an entire mail edition of the paper to the post-office in a sack on my back,—and I am no Sandow in strength.

The circulation of the weekly edition at that time was much larger than that of the daily edition, and the former was sent to the post-office in express wagons or hand-carts.

Rushing frequently out of a hot press-room into the open air with the mails for the post-office, without taking time properly to

clothe myself for going out on the street, was injurious to my health, but it was necessary to be in a rush to catch the mails, as is the case in most newspaper offices.

I suffered many trials in learning the work, and it seemed that some of the boys were a little hard on me. Somehow, men seldom take pleasure in instructing new hands, especially if they fear they are going to be supplanted in some way, unless they enjoy the mistakes made by the novice. The old man in the service usually endeavors to impress the apprentice with the heaviest parts of the work, and seldom does he try to make his early efforts agreeable. The domineering air of superiority with which a regular instructs a green hand in his duties is often amusing—to everybody except the new man. Man's mean traits evidence themselves in petty ways.

It is almost the invariable custom to impose various tricks on the greenhorn when he enters an establishment. I did not escape. The initiatory tricks of a printing office are numerous, and the hazing at West Point or at some of our colleges is not in it with the kind done at the average printshop. One of the oldest tricks is to show the newcomer the "type-lice." Doubtless every printer knows what this means, but some of my readers may not have heard of it. The neophyte is asked if he has ever seen those peculiar little insects which are supposed to live and wax fat on the ink which clings to the type. Of course, he will say no, and usually evince much curiosity to see some of them, especially if he is of an enquiring mind. If he doesn't voluntarily ask to see the "type-lice," he is cunningly led up to the point of making such a request. He is then taken over to the composing-stones, and directed to look down between two divided parts of a column of standing type in a "form." The hole has previously been filled with water, in joyful anticipation of working the gag, and while he is stooping down over the form, straining his eyes in an effort to see the lice, somebody quickly joins the broken column by

pushing up one end of it or closing both ends. The result is that the embryo printer has his face beautifully bespattered with dirty, inky water. Everybody laughs, of course. I was subjected to this joke early in the game, and the customary horse-laugh was indulged in at my expense.



Seeing the Type-Lice.

I was also induced to go around to a neighboring printing office to borrow italic quads, the ridiculousness of which should have appealed to me. They tried to send me out to borrow a meat augur and a round square, and to play other pranks on me, but I finally got wise and balked.

As most of my work was done at night, I at first found it difficult to stay awake. My companions soon broke me of my drowsy habits, though, by placing paper between my fingers and setting fire to it. The treatment was somewhat cruel, but it was very effective.

Most printers are good fellows, but one of the meanest tricks that was ever played on me was perpetrated by a printer. This man took an insane notion to get married, but was short on

clothes. At a time when I was going to see the girls and wore good clothes, he borrowed the best suit I had to wear at his wedding. He went off in it to spend his honeymoon, and I never saw him or my suit any more.

But, on the whole, my associates at the plant were a jolly, good-natured crowd, and many the innocent joke they cracked, to my amusement.

One of my running-mates was Christopher Ledwidge, who entered the shop as an apprentice at about the same time that I went to work there. We often played checkers together before going to work in the evening, and we sometimes played croquet with some of the girls in the yard of my lodging-house. Chris was a real nice, good little printers' "devil," but he soon saw better



"A Real Nice, Good, Little Devil."

opportunities elsewhere, and he deserted the printing office, taking up a business connection, and finally becoming a politician, as well as something of a capitalist.

Another of my early associates was Ed. L. Brown, and we formed a partnership to solicit for and print a Theatre Program, under an arrangement with the old Capital Theatre, on whose boards I have seen many famous actors. (This theatre was destroyed by fire a few years ago).

Another of my pals was Henry L. Standley, whom, in the changes of the years, I have lost sight of.

One day shortly after my arrival, the Gazette came out in a bran new dress, which is the way newspaper men refer to the setting of the reading matter of a newspaper in new type.

IN BLACK AND WHITE PRINT.

The Gazette has a new dress of type,
And she looks like a sixteen-year-old,
As she galivants 'round about town,
The old gossip! The news must be told.

The new garb has a striking effect.
See how chipper she bobs up today!
Our beloved old dame of the press,
In a black and white print has grown gay.



CHAPTER V.

MY FRIENDS, THE PRINTERS

"Pick and click
Goes the type in the stick,
As the printer stands at his case;
His eyes glance quick, and his fingers pick
The type at a rapid pace;
And one by one as the letters go
Words are piled up steady and slow—
Steady and slow,
But still they grow,
And words of fire they soon will glow;
Wonderful words, that without a sound
Traverse the earth to its utmost bound."



The mails were made up in a section of the press-room, but the galleys in which the subscribers' names were carried were cor-

rected or brought up to date each day in the composing-room, while I reported to the business office, so that I was thrown more or less with all three of those departments.

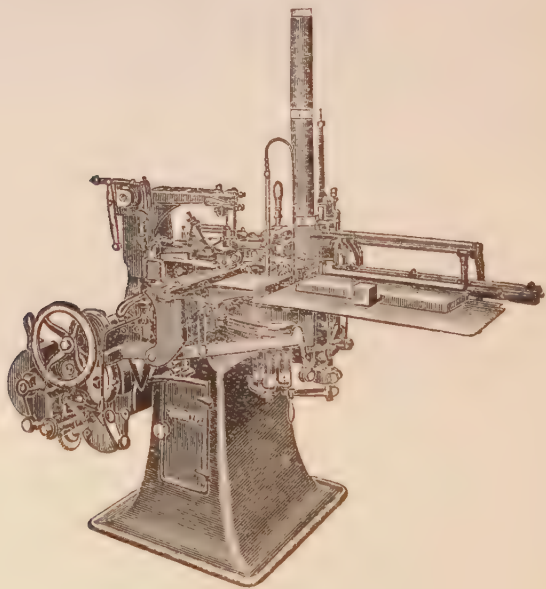
Although I could not be a participant, I was present when many a chapel meeting was held by the Union printers. At these meetings momentous questions were frequently discussed and passed upon. That ancient and honorable institution known as the "chapel" (which is said to have been so-called because Caxton set up his press in a chapel at Westminster), with its "daddy" and the rules made there to regulate the relations between the men and the company, as well as for the settlement of differences between the printers themselves, was a study to me.

This was in the good old days of hand-composition, when the forms were locked with wooden quoins. The compositors were paid by the piece, the scale of compensation being 35 cents per thousand ems of 8-point, straight matter. The "head" and "ad" men were able to make more money than those on straight reading matter, and they paid a bonus to the chapel, which divided it among the members.

I went to the office to correct the mail galleys at about the same time that the printers reported for duty. They usually appeared before the hour for regular composition work, to measure their "strings," by which they calculated their pay, and to distribute their "takes" of the matter which was set up the night previously—*i. e.*, place the type back in the cases after it had been printed. Lazy printers sometimes hired their type "thrown in," as they called distributing it, and I occasionally earned a little money in this way. I have known unscrupulous men to throw handfuls of "pi" out of the window into the alley, as the easiest way to dispose of it.

This kind of work has been revolutionized as to straight reading matter composition, by the introduction of the Mergenthaler Linotype, which typesetting machine the great and witty

William Jennings Bryan says is the greatest machine ever invented, except the Philadelphia Republican Machine. The distribution of advertising type has also generally been superseded in the important offices, except as to the larger faces, through the Monotype non-distribution system.



The Monotype.

I am reminded of one old-time knight of the composing-stick, who bitterly resented the intrusion of the typesetting machine, as most of the early craftsmen do—because each man thinks the only way to do is as he learned to do. He was offered a place to operate a machine when the hand jobs became vacant on account of the introduction of machines. He haughtily declined and quit the shop, saying, "*I'm a printer; I'm no piano-player.*"

There was a restless class of humanity in the printing fra-

ternity, and it has been said that the printer is no good until he has seen the road. Many of the old-timers worked in all the best known offices from Maine to California and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, but this specimen is dying out. The printer has become steadier and improved in every respect during recent years.

We are all familiar with the old-time tramp printer or compositorial tourist, representative of the "art preservative of all arts," who wanted to borrow a dollar, he said, for a bed or a supper, but who usually spent the money, if you "coughed up," at the nearest saloon. He always had suffered some temporary embarrassment, or was going to a point not far distant, where he had friends galore and a good bank account. He "subbed" for a few nights and then moved on, his clothes unpressed, his shoes run down at the heel and unshined, with hardly a cent in his pockets, but possessing a lot of experience, plenty of good humor, and always as happy as a lord. But the printer is no longer a tough, who travels in box cars. He has settled down and bought a Ford.

One night one of the printers, who was known as "Slim," went off on a spree. The next evening he was guyed by the boys for having been caught by a "cop" and treated to a ride to the calaboose in the "Black Maria," as the police patrol-wagon was called. He took it good-naturedly, and with some feeling, recited the following lines, to express his chagrin:

"When your heels hit hard and your head feels queer,
And your thoughts foam up like the froth on the beer;
When your legs grow weak, and your voice grows strong,
And you laugh like a fool at some low, vulgar song;
You're drunk, by gosh, you're drunk!

"When you wake up in the morning feeling all in,
And search your pockets in vain for the 'tin'
You last night so freely and gaily blew in;
And mutter to yourself, 'What a d—nd fool I've been,'
You're sober, then, you're sober.

L'ENVOI.

"It's no time for song and laughter,
In the cold, gray dawn of the morning after."

A printer who holds a "card"—as a certificate of membership, with dues paid up, in the Typographical Union, is called—usually may get a day's work as a substitute in almost any printing office. Indéed, it is required by the Union that a regular, after he has worked his allotted number of hours, must "lay off" when necessary to give the stranger a chance to work. There is perhaps no other trade or profession in which a man can afford to be so independent. This was especially true before the invention of the typesetting machine, about thirty years ago.

Our office was favored with visits from hundreds of the peregrinating type. Most of them left some mark of their presence and their respect in the office or elsewhere in the city. Sometimes it was on the police record, and often it was a little memento in the shape of an I. O. U., which was never honored. The following is an interesting and amusing record of impressions left by some of them on the walls of a closet in the composing room, as copied and edited, with its accompanying introduction, by Mr. Fred Heiskell:

"For some reason there has always been about the newspaper business much of Bohemia, and this condition exists in some degree to this good day, though the necessities of the business, the hurry, the bustle and the many calls on newspaper men, from press-room to composing-room, for quick, decisive, sure action, have eliminated much of the Bohemianism. Still there linger many memories of the days that were palmy; the days of the tourist-printer, the man who floated, leaving behind him as he went from place to place, a smile, a new story, and an odor of intoxicants. In this life there were no continued stories. Each day was a book unto itself and bedtime rounded it out and finished it forever.

"Just now some changes are being made in the composing-room, and an old closet, where in days ago, the printers hung their coats and other clothing, was dismantled, and for the first time in many years the light of day fell on its walls. The walls compose a huge autograph album, where names of tourists who travelled years ago, are inscribed, and where there are many evidences of the wit and the happy-go-lucky disposition of the old-time journeyman printer.

"In bold letters, as if proud of his poverty, one who may be remembered by printers yet alive, wrote:

" 'Richard Johnson—On the Bum!'

"A wag who hung his coat in the closet later, could not resist such a splendid opportunity, and wrote under the inscription:

" 'Richard is himself again!'

"On another part of the wall is written in grandiloquent flourishes:

" 'Robert Burns Thomas, the printer poet, arrived July 10th.'

"The inevitable wag added to this inscription, some days later:

" 'Jumped his board bill July 25th.'

"Some printer with old-fashioned ideas, probably moved by seeing the autographs and ribald jests, for some of them are ribald, wrote:

" 'Fools' names are, as fools' faces,

Always seen in public places!'

"Up bobs the jester and writes under it:

" 'Why, I don't see your's here!'

"One of a pair of partners on the road wrote:

" 'Jones and Johnson started for Phoenix, Arizona, Sept. 5th.'

"And under it is written:

" 'And they won't have to pay excess baggage charges on their bank rolls, either.'

"About another inscription, and the postscript of one who knew, there is a touch of sadness. It is written:

"Bill Gutherie left town today for Californy, December 9th."

"Under this is written:

"There goes my three dollars toward the setting sun. Good-bye, Bill; farewell, three!"

"It is evident that Bill was a borrower.

"One man wrote a continued story on the walls. The first chapter is:

"Robert Adams, seeking greener fields and pastures new, left this 30th day of August for the North."

"Nearby is written:

"Robert Adams has been North. 'Niggers' and 'two-nicks' and nothing else. Stopped over here to get a meal and a dollar. Stand aside, I'm bound for the Gulf Coast':

"REGISTER FOR 'HOB0' PRINTERS.

"NOTICE: It is requested that none but tourists register in this chart.

Name, Where From	What Conveyance	Condition of Chewing	How Finances	Where Bound	Remarks for En- lightenment of the Craft
Sam Cribbs, Kansas (laugh, damn you).	Blind Baggage.	Route overworked.	Too heavy to carry (I will have my joke).	Heaven is my destination.	Let bleeding Kansas bleed; I'll not try to stanch its wounds.
Tom Harper, Hades (called also, Memphis).	The cinder path.	Good.	Money! Money! I've heard that before.	To some haven of rest where they toil not, but have plenty.	Memphis is a good town to be from.
Ernest Newell, Louisiana.	Side door Pullman.	Fit for the best.	Not burdened with the fithy stuff.	This will do; I'm not par- ticular.	This printing busi- ness is no job for a clergyman's son.
Ed Douglass Bosting.	The trucks (I blush to say it).	Good, if one is fond of beans.	Light- exceeding light.	Any place will suit me; I've lived in Bos- ting.	Experience comes with travel. If I wasn't a tourist, I'd turn out tomorrow.
Albert Duncan, Texas.	Lightly (I tripped along the ties).	Nothing to brag on.	Bad.	Where work is lightest.	Have no advice to give nor excuses to offer.
Walter McNeil, Missouri.	In a stock car with some other hogs.	Awful.	Awful.	Any place but Missouri.	Keep away from Joplin, Mo.
Will Elkins, St. Louis.	In the var- nished cars.	The service in the din- ing car was rather good.	If I was any more prosper- ous I couldn't stand it.	Monte Carlo, maybe.	When the bang tails run your way, money certainly comes easy.

"NOTICE SOME MORE.—Tourists without bullion will please mention the name of "Peso" Jones; it rolls well under the tongue and breathes of money. Also a slight reference to "Shorty" Thomas would come in handy if you desire to perish in the sight of plenty. Shorty is sure a tight-wad."

"In nearly every printing office there is a man who saves his money and adds to it by lending it to his spendthrift fellow-craftsmen at a most exorbitant rate of interest. The time of the loan is until the pay-day after the loan is made. These men are known as 'Shylocks.' It is evident that 'Shorty' Thomas, mentioned in the footnote to the preceding chart, which was marked off on the walls and in which many were registered, was at one time the shylock of the office."

So much for the genus hobo. He is an interesting type or typ-o, whose passing leaves a perceptible void. Other trades have a similar following. All of the printer craft are not to be judged by him, and I do not wish to appear as speaking disrespectfully of the printer. There have been many Benjamin Franklins and other illustrious printers. He is necessarily intelligent from the nature of his occupation, and he gets more out of life than the average man. He is also a useful citizen, for his is "the hand that keeps the world informed."

While operating a linotype machine for a livelihood, Dr. O. K. Judd, a former printer, who now stands high in the medical profession, studied medicine and got a diploma. Another of the Gazette's printers studied law while working every day at his trade and did not leave the case until he obtained a license to practice. They are both successfully following their professions, illustrating what can be done when men try.

Some years ago there was a certain printer working on the Gazette,—and a right good fellow he was,—who grew tired of the trade and sighed for riches. So he let his hair grow long until it extended over his shoulders, got a medicine wagon, a negro clown, and advertising himself as the "Quaker Physician," went through the country selling medicines. He was soon coining money.

Another printer, who was a proud man, was studying law. He wouldn't carry a lunch basket for the midnight meal, as others

did, because he was too much of a dude to do so, but he always had a law book under his arm. It was suggested to him by another printer that he have a lunch box made of leather in the shape of a law book, and labeled "Arkansas Digest," which would be of practical utility and he could still continue to impress folks thereby with his distinguished legal pretensions.

At the beginning of the Spanish-American War a patriotic and warlike printer interested himself in organizing a volunteer infantry company. The paper announced one morning that the company being recruited by him made rapid progress toward completion the day before, mentioned the names of those who had enlisted to shoulder the musket in defense of the national honor, and ended the notice by saying that the company would probably be *full* by the next Monday night. The writer of the item did not intend to reflect on the patriots by the use of the word "full," in its popularly accepted meaning among rounders, but it is a fact that a number of the captain's volunteers were gloriously drunk before the time mentioned. Many of them, however, did go to the front, including the gallant Captain, and they made brave and honorable records in that war.

It is the rule that men engaged in one line of work like to josh those who make their living by some other means, and a man can always see the weaknesses of the other fellow, when he is blind to his own. It is the old case referred to in the Bible about the moat.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

By the Printers—

Of all the crazy editors
Whose copy we have set,
The worst are in this office,
We'll wager a fat bet.

The mess of hieroglyphics
They dish out is a fright;
Men ought to learn the alphabet
Before they try to write.

By the Editors—

Of all the rotten printers,
Our bunch sure takes the cake;
Just note the glaring errors
In every blessed take.

If anything's set rightly,
It's only by mistake;
And all the boobs are good for
Is cuss and belly-ache.



The Linotype.

CHAPTER VI.

REMEMBRANCES OF HAPPY DAYS SPENT IN THE PRESS-ROOM.

WHILE engaged in putting up newspaper mails, I labored for something like a year in the press-room, by the side of the faithful old press that ground out the papers, hot with the news of the day.

The superintendent of the press-room was "monarch of all he surveyed" down there. I came to have a great admiration for this pressman, whose name was Capt. W. I. Whitwell, and who had held the position faithfully for a quarter of a century, a remarkable record in the printing business, where those composing the mechanical forces, as a rule, are constantly changing. This man was a strong character, standing six feet, two inches, in his stockings, well built, distinguished looking, and the "Iron Chancellor" was not more austere and could have been no more severe. For many years he was a terror to meddlesome boys and to hobos who frequented the basement. He spanked many of the boys and almost scared others to death when they attempted to get gay; and yet some thieving newsboy would occasionally evade his eagle eye, break through the lines, and steal the press-room out of papers. A little of the Captain's "strap oil," as a licking with a strap was called, was a good thing to cure a boy of "cutting up" in the place.

The superb quality of the Captain's nerve is illustrated by an episode which I will mention. It is related that when he entered the employ of the concern he was afflicted with cross-eyes. Some time afterward a traveling oculist reached the city, and the Captain decided to have him straighten his eyes. Whitwell was accustomed to sleep in the day time, on account of working at night, so that he had the eye-doctor come to the work-

room to perform the operation. He is said to have run off one side of the paper (this having occurred prior to the time when the perfecting press, which would print both sides at once, was invented), and then he had his eyes operated on. The operation was performed, pronounced a success, and the patient lay down to rest his optics for a while, after which he got up, put the forms on the press for the second half of the paper and made the run.

The old man was disposed to be a little rough on me at first, but he and I soon became fast friends, and he has since laughed many a time about the days when he bossed me in the hole in the ground called the press-room, while later on, as business manager, I was supposed to be his boss.

Between the editions of the paper, there were waits of several hours, and at these times I read or slept on the mail table, or went to the theatre, when there was a good show in town. I liked to read, and sometimes made a pallet of mail sacks, with a roll of paper for a pillow, and read until it was time to resume work. The pressman thought I was reading the ordinary dime novel or blood-and-thunder story, until one day I heard him tell somebody that he had discovered that I read "classical books."

If this gentleman was friendly to you, he was a friend indeed, but if anyone tried to impose on him, there were likely to be squalls—especially if at the time his temper was aroused there happened to exist around the press a tendency to static electricity, which caused the paper web to break and stop the machine. Static electricity—which is sometimes generated through the contact of paper with metal cylinders and felt blankets—and the Captain's particular brand of profanity, on a cold, frosty morning, formed a combination fearful to contemplate.

Static electricity in the pressroom atmosphere, by the way, was often fallen back on as an excuse when the paper was late in appearing. It was a handy alibi resorted to by the gang in the pit. But the office boy generally explained to "kickers" when

the delivery was late that "the press broke down." I think our press went down a thousand times, according to this authority.

I am not sure that it wasn't a certain assistant pressman, instead of the Captain, who originated the static electricity gag in our office to explain mishaps to the press. Anyway, the excuse was worked successfully and sometimes over-time for a number of years.

"What's the matter with the press?" would be asked, when it "bucked."

"Oh, the d— thing's got electricity in it."

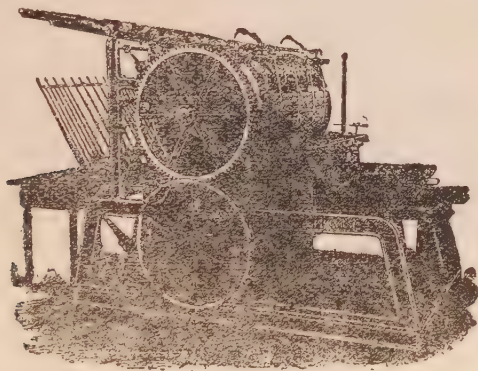
There was one peculiar point in this connection which never could be satisfactorily explained, and that was that the more *spirits fermenti* there happened to be in the lockers of the crew, the greater the danger of there being electricity in the press.

The assistant pressman referred to lived to become a great politician, whose influence with the workingman was powerful. He left the press-room to become a linotype machinist, but later became an officer of the National Machinists' Union. As a traveling representative of that order, he put on more style than does the President of the United States.

In 1889 a Webb Perfecting Press, the first one brought to the State, was bought and installed by the Gazette. This press was a source of wonder to the people, and thousands visited the place at night to see it in operation and to watch the process of making into metal curved plates the matrix impressions formed from the type.

The press was in reality more of a wonder than it seemed. It was a second-hand machine, of the first Hoe four- and eight-plate pattern. It was thirty feet in length, including the folder, and it looked more like a threshing machine than the present type of press, except that it had an endless number of cogs and tapes on it. Although it was out-of-date in style, it was constructed of splendid material, and it stood a lot of punishment.

Up to this time the paper had been printed on a two-revolution flat bed press, which had to be fed by hand, a sheet at a time.—a slow process.



An Old Two-Revolution Flat Bed Press.

When the first perfecting press was displaced in 1903 with a modern one, which would print up to 16 pages, the old one, on account of being so antiquated in style, could not be sold as a printing press, and had to be disposed of as old metal to a junk dealer. I made the trade, and saw it smashed up with a sledge hammer. It originally cost about \$10,000, but when discarded as junk it brought exactly \$135.15. I was attached to the machine, and disliked to see it go in this way, as it was like parting with an old friend. The gentle reader may imagine how this sordid transaction touched my tender heart by reading the following pathetic rhymes which the occasion inspired:

THE PRESSMAN'S FAREWELL.

Faithful old Pal of Mine!

I first wound felten blankets 'round you,

Dressed you in type, then fed you ink

And paper, and when work stress found you,

I greased your throbbing gears
To meet the strain of years
'Mid storms of news which made the press wheels fly,
But we must say good-bye!

Faithful Old Press of Mine!
The publishers and printers praised us,
As fast you sped with cheerful vim
To print such orders as amazed us
For papers packed with news
And entertaining views
Of men and things then in the public eye.
'Tis hard to say good-bye!

Disabled friend of mine!
Your massive iron limbs lie broken,
And silent is your heart of steel;
Your last hummed word of print is spoken,
The sordid junkman owns
Your old discarded bones;
I, too, am gray; Fate's pendulum! we sigh.
Good-bye, old pal, good-bye!

While working at the mailing-tables in the press-room, I undertook the study of shorthand, and induced the office stenographer to give me instruction in making pothooks, dots and dashes, at her home. One of my printer friends joined me in this course of study, and we had a jolly little class. Our instructress was capable, handsome and witty, and my association with her is a pleasant remembrance. At her instance, I bought a copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, to be used for translation as an exercise in shorthand. This good old book was used on account of its well-known simple language.

The office allowed me to practice on one of the company's typewriters, so that by the hunt and peck system, I was acquiring proficiency in that line also while perfecting myself in the art of phonography.

My wages in the beginning were the whole sum of \$10.00 a

week, which would be considered an insignificant salary in these inflated days, when an inexperienced office-boy expects to draw \$25.00 a week and a skilled plumber receives \$10.00 a day, but on those glorious Saturday afternoons, always looked forward to with longing, when the "ghost walked" and I drew my magnificent allowance in one unbroken piece, enclosed in an envelope bearing my name, having contracted the bad habit of occasionally puffing the weed, I would buy a five-cent cigar—an unknown article at this time—and then—

"I thought myself a king of earth,
A being born to rule—
But never since my wretched birth
Was I so big a fool."



"I Thought Myself a King of Earth."

CHAPTER VII.

A PROMOTION.

AS SOON as I had learned to write shorthand and to finger the typewriter a bit, I was transferred from the mailing department to the business office, as stenographer and subscription clerk. "Stenographer" in our office in those days, however, meant that the person who held that responsible and high-sounding position must be a sort of a general utility man, and principally office-boy; but I rightly considered it a good opportunity for me, and I grasped it with alacrity, not minding at all if they put "O. B." behind my name on the pay-roll.

My first assignment was to file about a month's accumulation of letters, and ever since the work of filing letters is the first thing a new boy is required to do when he goes to work in this office. I was then gradually broken in to write letters from dictation, and later was also frequently given all kinds of matter to write or copy, such as special news, telegrams and advertising write-ups. Then when work was slack in the office, I was sent out to collect subscription bills. It seemed that I was expected to do any old thing, so that I was never allowed to be idle, and time never hung heavily on my hands. This was the best thing in the world for me, although I did not at all times realize it.

The manager represented several out-of-town newspapers as their special correspondent, particularly the *Globe-Democrat*, of St. Louis, and, as he often dictated his "specials" to me, I thus obtained valuable experience and knowledge along that line. I am thankful for it, as the practice served me well, when in later years I became a newspaper correspondent myself for several large city dailies, and thus added considerably to my income.

I am conscious that I made mistakes, but the management was always kind and patient in regard to my shortcomings.

I learned to interview people through my shorthand, and, having read that Charles Dickens learned shorthand and thus became a celebrated reporter of the English Parliament, I desired to emulate him. At first I relied much on phonography, but I discovered that that kind of reporting was almost useless, except in exceptional cases, when it was absolutely necessary to get a man's exact language, as in taking the testimony of a witness in court. The interviewer must do a lot of thinking, and the most valuable man to a newspaper unquestionably is that one who is capable of rapidly making a running report of a speech, getting the meat out of the subject, without having to transcribe the matter from voluminous notes. According to my experience, the training of the shorthand man to take down everything by sound, interferes with the making of the ideal reporter, who should grasp only that which is important and interesting. The ordinary man's mind can not well be trained to do both of these things, and therefore a stenographer is one thing, and a reporter another. They are separate callings.

I remember that I was once sent to interview a prominent banker, named Logan H. Roots, in regard to his having been spoken of as a candidate for the Republican nomination for Vice President of the United States. I could see very plainly the political bee buzzing around his head. He was extremely nice to me, but he paid very little attention to my interrogations. He wanted to be interviewed for the paper, but he wished to furnish both the questions and the answers thereto, which he was allowed to do. In this case, merely a stenographer was needed.

This man did not achieve his political ambition, but, in passing, let me say that when he died the newspaper men of Arkansas lost one of their best friends. He was a great man, who sometimes used the scribes to further his ends, as most public

men have done, but he never failed to liberally reward the newspaper for any service rendered him.

A man who owned the paper before my day, told me that he did his banking with Colonel Roots, and that when he would get hard-up he would rely on the Colonel to grant him a loan; but before making application to him, he would always send around Opie Read, then a reporter on the paper, to give Roots a nice write-up, and in such a case he was never disappointed.

Like many others who enjoy seeing their names in print, he was not at all backward about asking a reporter to print whatever he wanted to appear, but he would always give an order for a sufficient quantity of papers containing the item to make its publication profitable, and, besides, the matter was generally of public interest. He frequently wrote personals about himself or others, embellished with numerous complimentary adjectives, but an order for papers invariably accompanied them; and no special edition or general write-up of the city ever appeared, nor were any meritorious advertising schemes ever put over in the city, in his day, that did not contain an advertisement of his bank.

This was long before a Retail Merchants Association was organized to sit in judgment on such enterprises as the numerous advertising projects.

Then, every Christmas, some of the reporters received a little memento from him, and on New Year's day the carrier boy who delivered his paper was usually the recipient of a coin at his hands.

In this connection, I also remember the late Major John D. Adams, who was a great friend of all the carrier boys, and each year presented a five dollar gold piece to the boy on the Gazette route when he delivered his customary New Year Greeting. This gift at that time amounted to half as much as a year's subscription to the paper.

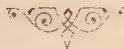
The once-popular Carrier's New Year Address has in recent years died out. God bless the carrier boy!

The editor in his sanctum sits
A'scanning news from everywhere;
He adds to this, and cuts out that,
Then writes the heads that often scare,
But who it is brings you the news?

The printer sets the stuff in type,
Be it live news or foolishness;
It's placed in forms, made into mats,
Then stereotyped to go to press,
But some one must put out the goods!

The carrier, up with the lark,
With paper bundle, and light heart,
Goes out to meeting the smiling morn',
And to perform his useful part.
'Tis he who brings the news to you.

Oftimes your paper strikes the lawn,
Or finds a mud-hole, wet and torn,
Instead of landing at your door,
But all the news would die still-born,
Except for this same car-ri-er!



CHAPTER VIII.

MR. H. G. ALLIS—"PARADISE ALLEY."—REVERSES OF ONE OF THE OWNERS OF THE PAPER.

I DID not meet the principal owner of the paper, Mr. Horace G. Allis, for some time after I went with it, as he was not actively connected with its control. The first time I saw him was during the Presidential election, in November, 1884, when Cleveland was elected. There was a great deal of enthusiasm in Little Rock over the election of a Democratic President. On the night of the election the paper's bulletins were eagerly devoured. He was pointed out to me by a fellow employee, as he stood on a platform at the corner of Markham and Scott streets, where the Gazette office was located, and read the returns to a vast crowd that had congregated there. His voice was splendid, for as he read he could be heard a block away. The impression he made on me then was lasting. His presence was dignified and commanding, and he won my boyish admiration.

At this time this gentleman held the position of auditor of a big railroad company, with offices at St. Louis. He later became cashier of a St. Louis bank. He visited us occasionally and went over the affairs of the concern. I never came in contact with a man who had as great a capacity for business and figures. He could apparently carry the entire contents of a mammoth ledger in his head.

Although never pretending to be an editor, he was a writer of ability. I remember that, in the spring of 1888, he had a controversy through the paper with the Arkansas State Penitentiary Board, over the alleged mistreatment of convicts. He ably conducted his contention, and gave the people some startling facts in his communications. One night he wired a three-column article on this subject from St. Louis. This was known as the

"Three Blind Mice" article, on account of his denouncing in it the three commissioners, which included the governor, as blind mice, because they had not kept themselves posted in regard to the inhumane manner in which the prisoners were said to have been treated by the penitentiary officials and guards, for which he charged that the commissioners were responsible. The article was caustic, logical, sensational and appealing. It caused the question to become an issue in the next gubernatorial campaign, and to nearly defeat Simon P. Hughes, the governor, for re-election.

The writer of those articles was known to the public as merely a stockholder in the publishing company. Judge John McClure, one of Arkansas' quaint and forcible characters, known as "Poker Jack," sent word to the office that he ought to be promoted to the editorial corps.

In 1887 one of the Gazette owners purchased the old Benjamin Block, on Center and Markham streets, and built an annex behind it, next to the government Custom House. The Gazette was then removed to that location. The paper was issued from this three-story building until its headquarters were again moved to the present fireproof Gazette building, on West Third street, in 1908.

The Gazette Annex was connected with the main building by a narrow paved walk-way, which led to the side door of the press room, to the rear doors of other places of business on Markham street, and, which was more important, it was also the back entrance to Garabaldi's saloon, a noted resort in those days. This walk-way became known as "Paradise Alley," and was famous in song and story—between drinks—and in police annals, as well as in newsboy history. Who christened it, nobody knows, but one night, years ago, some one painted the name on one of the walls, and it stuck.

Through this alley had been rolled many barrels of red liquor, hundreds of kegs of black ink, and thousands of rolls

of white paper, while oceans of murky water flowed through it and flooded the tenants during heavy rains. It was therefore anything but an alley of paradise at times.

PARADISE ALLEY.

Boys, we cannot slip in Garry's through the alley now, they say,
For the "Judge" has issued orders that will close that gladsome way;
What is known as Paradise Alley o'er the State from end to end,
And was used to "rush the growler" and to treat a thirsty friend,
Has been closed up by the mogul who presides at Fulk's hotel,
So, we'll have to go in frontward to the bar we love so well.

But remembrance of hot toddies
And the friendship of the coddies
Will insure it our attendance
As of yore.* -

It's been handy in hot weather and on rain days and nights,
When our throats were dry and sticky, or we'd been to see the sights;
It's been useful to the good man who his whistle had to wet,
'Though objecting to the public knowing where his drinks he'd get:
But Gazette reporters, printers, and like sporty guys about,
Who will get no nearer paradise, are now, alas! shut out.

While the clink of friendly glasses,
Round a bar which *all* surpasses,
Is a place which grows upon them
More and more.

The accumulating traffic which extended over years
Coming from the craving newsmen and like chasers after beers,
Simply wore the alley out and made it dangerous to health,
So it's well that Paradise Alley, passes from the commonwealth;
Boys, we cannot step in Garry's via the alley anymore,
But the front door still swings open, as inviting as of yore.

And the palatable lunches,
With the fun which comes in bunches,
Will retain us as its patrons
As before.

*These lines were written before the legal dethronement of King Alcohol in the United States.

One of the principal owners of the Gazette became recognized as a financier, and had been looked up to as a model of the self-made man. This gentleman at one time was farther advanced on the way to fame and wealth than almost any man in the State. Besides being the largest stockholder in the Gazette Publishing Company, he was president of a national bank, owned the only theatre in the city, and controlled the street railway system. His business associates and his employees worshipped him. But, he was too ambitious. My father was afraid that I had this weakness, and he cautioned me to have a care, reminding me that unbridled ambition was dangerous. This warning was not applicable to me, as I have been a snail, but this man wanted to soar like an eagle, and needed such advice. An uncle of his frequently uttered regret at his nephew's seeming daring in taking great financial burdens on his shoulders.

When he acquired a piece of property it seems that he forthwith mortgaged it to obtain money with which to make some other investment. He had also accommodated many friends. Hard times overtook him when the great panic of 1893 came along. He had made extensive plans for the extension of the street railway. The slowing up of business and tightening of the money market rendered it impossible for him to meet his obligations. Ambition and pride ran away with his judgment. He borrowed more money than he should have done from the bank of which he was the executive. Nobody who knows him believes for a moment that he was guilty of any dishonesty. He was the soul of honor, and if hard times had not overtaken him, he would have met all his obligations. But—oh, cruel fate! a national bank inspector stepped in at the wrong time. Technical discrepancies in the bank's records were claimed to have been discovered. Unjust accusations followed, people became scared, and the bank failed. Other enterprises in which he was interested were involved through the bank's failure, friends forsook him, to save themselves, or they

were powerless to assist him. He was tried and convicted— unjustly, he claimed, and his friends believed—but the national banking laws are stringent. In the excitement resulting from mix-ups and losses, a victim was demanded, and he had to pay the penalty,—resulting in as much consternation as would be occasioned by the fall of an angel from heaven. His downfall also brought ruin to others.

GRIM JUSTICE.

A noble figure, justice stands,
Eyes bandaged well, and scales in hands,
Too stern, perhaps; for men forget
Justice should lean to mercy yet.

With sympathy we ponder well
A man, a friend, who stumbled, fell—
Mere human frailty, nothing more,
His life all blameless lies before.

The wheels of justice ground to doom,
There seemed for mercy little room.
The bars, the stripes, the moldy cell,
His spirit's ruination spell.

Friends, station, prestige—all are lost.
Ambition's aims have dearly cost.
All that a man in life holds high
Has passed this man forever by.

Our hearts grow heavy at his sight—
Aged, crushed and bitter by his plight.
Justice should more of mercy learn,
Than wreck a life with blow too stern.

After the talented, but unfortunate man referred to, who was my friend, served his prison term, he went to the Klondike, in a desire to retrieve his fortunes, but there and in other parts of

the world where he made new starts, an unlucky star seemed to follow him.

Some men go up, and others down,
While onward wags the world;
Today 'tis Smith who rules the town,
With banners all unfurled;
Tomorrow he has lost to Jones
And to his doom is hurled.



CHAPTER IX.

THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, AND ITS RELATION TO THE BUSINESS OFFICE.

THE editor of the Gazette, when I favored the paper by connecting myself with it, was the late D. A. Brower. He was a mild-mannered gentleman, a good, common-sense writer, not given to flowery productions, but, when aroused, sarcasm and irony were powerful weapons in his hands. He gave the people forceful and substantial mental pabulum, and safely piloted the paper's course over many shoals.

He was one of the original "free silver" advocates of this country, and his "dollar of the daddies" editorials were strong arguments for his side of the subject. Another hobby with him was "high license" as a means of regulating the liquor traffic.

He got into a heated controversy on the subject of the Three-Mile Liquor Law with Dr. A. R. Winfield, a brilliant divine, who was then the editor of the Arkansas Methodist. As happened more frequently in those days than at the present time, this led to a personal difficulty on the street between Mr. Brower and Ed. Winfield, the son of the editor of the religious paper, who considered that Mr. Brower had unduly reflected upon the character of his father.

The Reverend Winfield was an aggressive writer, and he printed in the Methodist a number of charges and specifications against the editor of the Gazette, which Mr. Brower replied to and declared contained "slanders and falsehoods by the wholesale."

The editor of the Methodist accused the editor of the Gazette, who was conducting a Democratic newspaper, of having been a Republican, "the time and place of whose conversion to Democracy was less known than the burial place of Moses:" avowed that he hurled his poisoned arrows at every reform, and was ever on

the side of bad government; that he tried to deliver the control of affairs over to whiskey-drinkers, poker-players and Sabbath-breakers; that the management of the paper had obtained business by false pretenses, in misstating, misrepresenting and grossly exaggerating its circulation; that the paper was unstable and unreliable, in having been on both sides of the Three-Mile Law, first for it, and then against it, and had the same record in regard to the Occupation Tax, a new Constitution, and other questions.

Mr. Brower's editorial in reply was a bitter, sensational arraignment, covering almost a page of space, and was headed, "Is This Man Without Shame, Drunk or Crazy?" He took up each count of the indictment separately and entered a denial in toto, summing them up as "Winfieldian hogwash, of an unsavory brand," inspired by malignity and senility. He declared that their author was as ignorant as a mule on questions of journalism; that he knew nothing of Democracy, and if he had ever read the Ten Commandments, he had abandoned them for the Gospel of Hate; that he had certainly forgotten the commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," etc. I quote Mr. Brower's typical reply to the doubt expressed as to his Democracy:

"The editor of the Gazette is not distressed about the quality of his Democracy. The doctrines given out in the Gazette are the doctrines he has upheld and advocated all his life. He has abundant reason for knowing they are endorsed by the democracy of Arkansas. If any person has told Brother Winfield that the editor of the Gazette, at any time, ever voted any other than a Democratic ticket, when political issues were involved, that person was either grossly mistaken or told him a stupid falsehood."

With great confidence, he concluded his broadside by affirming that no one personally acquainted with the editor of the Gazette will question any statement of fact he makes.

Mr. Brower was quite a society man, frequently at balls led

the then popular dance known as the German, and was always at the service of the aspiring social debutante. I shall always remember him by a peculiar way he had of placing the fingers of both hands and striking them together, especially when talking. When he died, of consumption, in Colorado, July 18, 1893, we sent to his funeral a magnificent floral wreath, on which was worked in flowers the figures "30," symbolical of the last "take" or piece of copy, as designated in a printing office.

By the way, it is remarkable how few deaths there have been among Gazette men, considering the fact that editorial work is considered unhealthy, because of its being so confining and for the reason that writers sit in cramped positions; and when the same thing applies to printers, who are generally believed to belong to a trade that is injurious to health, on account of gas fumes and poisons resulting from handling metals.

The Gazette has been a Democratic journal ever since the birth of that great political party, and many an inky battle has it fought with the Republicans. During the Reconstruction days, after the war between the States, Republican Carpet-Baggers came to Arkansas in great numbers—to see that the negro got his dues, and, incidentally, to feather their own nests. In after years, some of these gentlemen were not near so solicitious about their colored brethren, and tired of even political association with the negroes. Certain cliques organized a lily-white Republican party, to keep the negro out of office and from political recognition of any kind. The Republicans had no organ, and they frequently found fault with the Gazette's treatment of them.

"A LILY-WHITE."

(Supposed to be sung by a Republican.)

I am a great Republican,
A lily-white hued publican;
I grant the fact myself,
Regardless of all pelf,

So when you mention politics,
Reporter, class me right
As purest lily-white!

When emigrating to the South,
To rule by acts and word of mouth,
I was a carpet-bagger,
Who would the white man stagger
With equals rights for black and white,
But I those acts regret;
The past I would forget.

I've grown to be a plutocrat,
And ought to be a Democrat,
But when the Rads get in,
I must an office win,
So I remain Republican—
'Though, printer, get me right,
I am a "lily-white."

It is not often that the business office is allowed to break into print in regard to its differences with the editorial department, but on one occasion this happened on the Gazette. In the "All-Over-Arkansas" column, there was printed the following squib, with its accompanying comment:

"Every man should give his business a close and careful study. If he finds a loose nut in his business, he should tighten it up.—*Conway Times*.

"There are several loose nuts in this business, all of whom are in our business office.—*A. O. A. Column*."

The office made this reply:

"The business office usually considers it beneath its notice to pay any attention the drivel emanating from the alleged Brainery up-stairs. This screed would have passed unnoticed also, because very few people outside of the man who amuses himself by practicing on such stuff and the poor proofreader ever read

it. But a fellow who had little to do chanced to read and call our attention to it.

"It was a thrust below the belt, for the reason that the business office, while having to pay for getting out the paper, including the salaries to a lot of drones who spoil reams of good paper and otherwise waste time and money for the publishers, is not allowed to edit the vile stuff perpetrated by the editorial 'nuts' and 'cheap screws,' even when it reflects on its personnel.

"Heretofore the editorial 'wise acres' have always contended that the business office was composed of 'tight-wads,' instead of 'loose nuts,' which is another evidence of the general inconsistency of the sap-headed crowd up there.

"We dare the man who edits the column on the northeast corner of the 6th page to print this—*Business Office*."

(It was printed)

The differences between Up-Stairs and Down is a subject which has caused many internal and uncivil wars in the print shops of the country, and it is with temerity that I approach it.

I have thought that the relationship which exists between the editorial department and the business office of a newspaper bore some resemblance to the domestic relation of husband and wife. Sometimes the editor "wears the pants," so to speak, and sometimes he does not. I have heard of the editor editing the business manager, and also of the business department managing the editor: but there never was much trouble of this kind in our office. Of course, little misunderstandings and differences of opinion will inevitably arise between the two departments. One of them may become possessed with the idea that the other is encroaching on its rights, or attempting to interfere with some of its prerogatives. The business manager, to make a fat advertising contract, may be tempted to place an unsightly ad. in a choice position on a certain page which interferes with a striking four or five section head, and then there is trouble in the camp.

Again, the editors will give some dead-beat a free write-up of himself or his business, which ought to have been paid for at line rates, when the business manager concludes that the editor isn't "on to" his job.

I have read some high-flown dissertations in the publications devoted to newspaper interests on the interesting subject of these little newspaper family troubles and conflicts of authority; and, strange to say, the authors of them generally take the editor's part. They invariably lament the undue (?) power which the corrupt (?) business office exerts over the purer (?) editorial atmosphere, through the patronage which the paper receives by way of the counting room. These pencil-pushers would bar the business manager entirely from the profession of journalism, and place him in the category of mere clerical laborers or commercial sharpers.

THE AUNCIENTE FYTTE

Between the Business Office and the Editorial Room.

ROUND ONE—THE BUSINESS MANAGER.

The editor's a clam-like grouch,
Shut up within a shell,
Who tries his best to look owl-wise
And play the learned swell.

He barks and growls when spoken to,
Or grunts uncivil words,
And of the paper's working-force
He thinks he is two-thirds.

NOTE—A part of the matter appearing in this chapter was used by me in a paper read before a meeting of the Arkansas Press Association at Hot Springs, but as nearly all of the audience left while I was reading it, I may be pardoned for repeating it to the large number of people who will read this book.

No autocratic potentate
Is half so domineering,
As he is with the office crew,
At whom he's always sneering.

He is so awfully afraid
He will be influenced,
That he leans back the other way
When help should be dispensed.

When he might give a friendly boost
To some one 'round the block,
It's ten to one that he will scrawl
A screed that is a knock.

The editor would feel right cheap
If he knew what folks said
About the rotten stuff he writes
And has the printer lead.

Of course, the business office knows
He's merely ornamental;
That if he helps the paper grow,
Its really accidental.

ROUND TWO—THE EDITOR.

Think of a man without a soul,
As solemn as the tomb,
And you can see the sordid bird
Who runs the counting-room.

He thinks a dry goods bargain ad.
More readable than news;
He values what the ad. men write
Above our weighty views.

He never asks, is this thing right,
But simply will it pay?
He never had a noble thought,
For he's not built that way.

Devoid of all fixed principles,
He must a conscience lack;
And sacrificing all to gain,
His deeds are mostly black.

The brains department much regrets
That money must be had,
But it would differentiate
Between the good and bad.

I cannot love a stingy man,
Or money-grabbing shark;
I hate a man whose thoughts revolve
Around the dollar mark.

The business manager is commonly supposed to be a cold-blooded, soulless, mercenary wretch, whose only use is to pull "filthy lucre" into the office, and he would not be tolerated by the nabobs of the tripod at all, if they could possibly do without the aforesaid "root of all evil," which is such a necessary where-withall to grease the wheels of the machinery of the printery. On the other hand, the editor is represented as an angel who sits up nights to write moral essays. All the modern "yellow" journals are supposed to have been instigated by unprincipled business managers.

There are two sides to this momentous question. I am willing to admit that the editor is the "wise acre," but often the business manager can feel the public pulse much more accurately than can the editor, who deals more in theoretical things. The business manager is constantly circulating among, and associating with, the people, in his efforts to develop business. He hears almost every kick and suggestion from all the thousands of people who know better how to run a newspaper than those in charge of it. He usually hears immediately, directly or through the circulation man, when Mr. A. gets huffy and stops his paper because of such-and-such an opinion expressed in it, and when Mr.

B. gets up on his dignity, and discontinues his advertisements on account of the paper's policy in advocating or fighting so-and-so. And, if all the kickers, voluntary contributors, reformers, schemers, would-be assistant editors, sports who want the latest baseball score, cranks who have come to kill the editor, and other nuisances who torment newspaper offices, were permitted by the business manager to get up to the editorial rooms, the editors would never find time to write all of the weighty leaders which seem to be necessary to mold public opinion and regulate the universe.

The business office must be polite, attentive and considerate to these and all other callers, and while the business manager is exercising his wits and using up his little stock of grey matter, the editor generally gets the credit for everything, good and bad. As a rule, the uninitiated thinks of no one connected with the shop except the editor. To him he addresses his letter containing a fifty-cent money order, payable to him, and calls for the self-same editor in person whenever he wants to insert an advertisement. The pretty girls send bouquets and the bride's wedding cake to him, and he is generally supposed to be the "whole cheese." But, as I have already suggested, it is the business manager who has the most trouble, and who realizes to the fullest extent the amount of labor necessary to get out a paper, to say nothing about the financial part of it. Then, when Saturday night rolls around, and the "ghost" is expected to walk, it is that which tries men's souls, makes them greyheaded and wrinkles their foreheads.

A subscriber called at the office one day and ordered his paper discontinued. When asked why he did so, he said, "Oh, your advertising solicitor is too exceedingly industrious; there is no news in the paper." That was a compliment to the business office, but a reflection on the editor; and both suffered because, in this man's opinion, the news and advertising columns were not better balanced.

"IT."

(Dedicated to J. N. and Fred Heiskell.)

I am the man who tells the world
The town is on the map,
And jolts the many jealous burgs
With now and then a rap.

'Tis I propose the splendid schemes
That stir a sluggish town;
'Tis I who pull off all the stunts
That bring the place renown.

I could have made a league of peace,
If I had had my way;
And all this English-Irish row
Have settled in a day.

I tell the President just how
To run the government,
And how the taxes that we need
Could best be raised and spent.

I am the man who writes the dope
That sways the universe;
I am the man who has to deal
With all the folks perverse.

The epigrams that Shakespeare wrote
Do not compare with mine,
And in satire I surely can
Old Juvenal outshine.

I load my gun rhetorical
With ammunition rare,
And fire point-blank at everything
That pops up anywhere.

Sometimes I ring the big bull's-eye,
And then I draw applause;
'Though oftener I miss the mark,
To wonder what's the cause.

But 'though my bead's drawn on a star
Which will refuse to fall,
'Tis better to have fired amiss
Than never fired at all.

And who am I with words so spry,
Who lacks competitor?
O, I am It, I must admit,
The paper's Editor.



CHAPTER X.

EARLY EXPERIENCES AS A REPORTER—KNOCKED OUT BY A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT.

I HAD served several months in the business office, in various capacities, when I was advanced to the position of book-keeper and cashier. My salary had been increased by easy stages, but never too rapidly to suit me, until finally my weekly stipend assumed respectable proportions, and I found myself in possession of an income which in my younger days I would have considered immense.

However, I became weary of the humdrum of my work in poring over ledgers, cash books and journals, adding up columns of figures, rendering dry accounts, monthly statements and making out trial balances. The insane desire to get into the editorial department which had taken possession of me years before broke out in a new place and interfered with my peace of mind. I believed that there was the place to climb the newspaper ladder, and, strange to say, I continued to feel that slumbering within me there was talent for journalism and literature, which could be better cultivated in the other branch of the work.

I was finally gratified by being given a trial in the editorial department. I quit the business office one morning, and in the afternoon of the same day the City Editor took me out to make the rounds of the city, county and State offices, the courts, hotels and railroad offices.

No assignment book was kept and there were no re-write men, as is now the case in up-to-date reportorial rooms. Where the Gazette at present has about ten reporters, one was then expected to "clean up the streets," and to cover the entire city for news. He must get acquainted and be busy. In other words, he had to "dig." I was to report everything in sight, from a dog fight to a

State convention, write personals, social items, run to fires, and correct market reports.

It wasn't as easy as I had imagined. I sweat blood profusely and was worn out the first week before I got up each day as much copy as would fill four or five columns, and sometimes was kept on the go so much that I did not have time to eat or sleep. It did not take long to satisfy me that I had undertaken real work—that I had a job, instead of a position. I found it very disagreeable and also difficult at times to obtain some kinds of information.

On the second day of my service as a reporter, a doctor pounced down on me like a thousand o' brick for writing what he said was too much about something, and a day or two afterward I had a round with the police sergeant because I wanted to dig deeper into the mysteries of the police court docket than he thought I should do and asked too many questions to suit him about fictitious names appearing there.

I will mention an early experience or two in detail, although the remembrance of them is somewhat humiliating.

The first assignment in the form of a public meeting which I tackled as a reporter was the City Council. It was also the first time that I was ever present at a Council meeting, and I got "rattled," as the saying is. An honest confession is said to be good for the soul, and I will 'fess up as to what a verdant reporter I was. I started in to make notes of everything that transpired, but, although Little Rock aldermen are considered slow, except when they take a notion to railroad a franchise ordinance through, the business was dispatched with such rapidity that I was soon left far behind the proceedings; and the truth of the matter is that I got very little about the session. In my confusion, I did not know what to use and what to discard, and, as I was conscious that it was necessary to make haste if I got my report ready in time for the paper's use, I was in a devil of a pickle. What made

matters worse, instead of using a note book, which I had in my pocket all the time, I made notes, partly in shorthand and partly in long hand, on some loose sheets which I found lying on the reporters' table. I neglected to number the pages, got them mixed up, and the result was that I could not make heads or tails of the stuff. A reporter for another paper sat opposite to me, and the city attorney and an alderman who occupied seats near my right, "eyed" me continually. Self-consciousness made me fancy that they had sized me up for a greenhorn.

After the meeting adjourned, I went to the city clerk to request him to permit me to examine an ordinance which had been enacted during the meeting, but he made some excuse, and as it was important that I learn as much about it as possible, that gave me another set-back.

I made up my mind before leaving that miserable council chamber, in which so many jobs are said to have been put up to impose upon the dear public, that if I survived the consequence of that report, I would never attempt such work again. But my faint heart was revived, and I successfully reported subsequent sittings.

With the assistance of the City Editor, I scratched and patched up the report, and it was sent to the printers. I was afraid of having made mistakes, and confidently expected the mayor and members of the council to mob me in the morning, or to jerk me up before the next meeting, perhaps to send me to jail. To my surprise, I was told that my report showed up all right, and the men on the afternoon paper copied it, except as to the headlines, *verbatim et literatim*, exactly as the same paper frequently appropriates news from the Gazette to this good day.

I put in some time on routine reporting, and there seemed to be no particular objections to my work, although occasionally my copy was blue-penciled.

I was so proud of what I had written that I cut out every

line of it that appeared in print and pasted the items in a scrap book. I took great pride then in reading over what I had written. It was soothing to my soul, but I have since destroyed, with much contempt, that record of my juvenile efforts.

As a reporter I enjoyed many courtesies and privileges that were not accorded to "common people." Really, a reporter in those days, was a big man, petted and flattered almost to death and invited to almost everything, from the policemen's ball to the "dead swell" events.

It was in the fall of 1888 that I met my Waterloo. A big Republican ratification meeting and a torch-light procession were scheduled to be given in honor of Harrison and Morton's election, and I was assigned to report the events. I was instructed to make a synopsis of the speeches which the jubilant Republicans would make, as well as to describe the affairs generally. The celebration was pulled off according to schedule, and, oh, what a night! I reviewed the parade, which contained some 500 torch-bearers, composed largely of negroes, but including many white boys. Some blew tin-horns, others fired huge rockets; transparencies, flags and banners were displayed and waved. A brass band and a drum corps furnished the wildest kind of music. Following the brass band was a coffin, drawn by two spans of mules, led by negroes in red shirts, with inscriptions on their backs which read, "Poor Old Grover's Dead - Remains of Free Trade." Then came the speakers and other distinguished guests, in carriages.

I arrived at the hall of the House of Representatives in the State House, where the speaking was to take place, before the return of the procession, and took a seat at the reporters' table. In a few minutes the hall was filled, principally with colored people, and shortly afterward was crowded to its utmost capacity. The negroes piled in around the speaker's stand, bringing with them their horns and whistles. The noise made by the blasts of

these devilish instruments and the voices of the jubilant radicals made a deafening din, while the heat of the hall was suffocating, and the smell of perspiration sickening in the extreme.

The people could not be kept quiet while the speech-making was in progress. Poor little ME was buried among the writhing mass of turbulent and loud-smelling negroes. Nobody who has not had the experience of being in a mixed crowd of whites and blacks under like circumstances, in a warm climate, could form any conception of the horribleness of the occasion. It was about as near pandemonium as I ever expect to see.

I got so badly confused that it was impossible for me to make an intelligent report of the affair. I became sick at the stomach and my head throbbled and ached. Being worked up to a fever pitch through disappointment, terribly disgusted and angered at being hooted at as the "kid reporter of that lying Democratic sheet, the Gazette," I shook as if I had the ague.

The only other experience which ever unnerved me so completely was the first time I attempted to address an audience.

In dismay, I dispatchd a note to the City Editor, asking him to send some one else to cover the story, and I wormed my way out of the disgusting crowd, to go to my room, as sick as a poisoned pup.

The experience decided me in the opinion that I was not "cut out" for that kind of work; that the god of news did not hover over me. The result was that in a day or two I took back my old place in the business department, and turned my back for the time being on that alleged brainery, the editorial room.

I had yearned for a long time to try my hand at startling the natives with my reportorial efforts, but I wasn't a news hound for long, thank goodness; and since then I have always sympathized with those poor devils who follow the news-chasing calling. I had intimated to the management on divers and sundry occasions that I could increase the circulation thousands of copies

by being allowed to tell the dear people, in my supposed inimitable style, what had happened, but little attention was paid at first to my hankerings. I now understand that the editors were better judges of reportorial timber than I was, and I find that the paper continues to struggle along without my valuable services in that department.

Had it not been for the sympathetic encouragement which my sweetheart gave me at this time, my brief experience as a reporter might have resulted as a knockout blow. She became a sort of guardian-angel to me, and, while I may not have been honest enough to confess to her the exact extent of my failures, she minimized my weakness and assisted in holding up my hands. She awakened my fancy, colored all my dreams, and inspired me with renewed hope and strength to continue the battle along other lines.

The knocks which I received in the editorial department did me good, and I do not in any way regret that I had the experience, although I did not prove to have much of "a nose for news."



Laid Out by a Tough Reportorial Assignment.

CHAPTER XI.

THE "NOSE FOR NEWS," AND SOME MEMORIES CONNECTED WITH THE REPORTERS.

*"O, Nose, I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee and feel that pride
A Roman knows."*

AS TO the "Nose for News," much has been said and written about that imaginary reportorial sixth sense or newspaper instinct, as if the commodity known as news must be sniffed or scented by an extraordinary kind of proboscis, like the bloodhound follows a trail and runs down its prey, instead of being, in a natural way, heard with the ears and seen through the eyes of the ordinary man of common-sense.

While some, of course, are better qualified by temperament, inclination, education and habits of observation than others to follow the gentle art of newsgathering, I believe little in the heaven-born-newspaper-man theory. What may be called natural aptitude is capable of being developed. The student must learn to recognize a piece of news when he meets it, and be able to describe what he sees in newspaper language. Almost anybody of average intelligence may learn to do this, if he wants to do so. I didn't want to do it, I found.

The Gazette has had connected with it during my term of service many smart, alert men as reporters, many of whom, under more fortuitous circumstances, in a broader field, would have become famous. The mention of the names of these old-timers may not mean anything to the average reader of these pages, but the following are some who endeared themselves to me:

George R. Brown, who confined his writing principally to boosting Little Rock and the Board of Trade members, but who

never failed to get what he wanted when he went after it while he was in the newspaper harness; the critical Harry Ricketts; the irrepressible Charlie George, who, when he was short on actual news, was always prepared to manufacture a yard or two out of the whole cloth of his fertile imagination, and would think nothing of hatching out a half dozen "grape-vine" specials at a sitting.

Then there was that princely fellow, Richard H. Farquhar, whose pencil became palzied when his body was stricken with paralysis; the modest, kind-hearted Dickison Brugman, dean of Little Rock journalists, who could come as near extracting the meat out of a good story, or making for the reader an entertaining story out of nothing, as any man on earth.

Before this time, there was the brainy Robert J. Brown, since retired from the editorial department, who would attempt any kind of writing, from humor to tragedy, and who has started more newspapers than any other man in the State—the man who when only 21 years of age, secured for the Gazette the first authorized interview with Grover Cleveland, after his first nomination for president; saw and reported eleven official hangings in less than two years; went down in the caissons under the river of the old free bridge at Little Rock, when they were being constructed; and who wrote with a lead pencil in one day twelve columns of news on a certain occasion.

A little later came W. M. Kavanaugh, whose fingers, after he left the newspaper, ever itched to write, but whose constituents insisted on his going into politics and banking; to be followed by that little human dynamo, George W. Gunder, who wrote poetry, as well as news-stories, but deserted Arkansas to go to Indiana and get rich.

At about the same time, there came the talented Fletcher Roleson, who basely went back on the newspaper for the law; the old reliable, argus-eyed Farrelly Kimball, who was stricken with consumption, to the regret of thousands of admirers; en-

ergetic little Ed. Newton; the smiling Bob Blakeney; the hard-working Guy Bilheimer.

In more modern times, appeared Donald Biggs, who was "a chiel amang ye takin' notes;" Fletcher Chenault, an all-round newspaper man of ability; Charlie Davis, who is becoming famous as a poet, as well as a newsman; Joe Wirges, who never gets left when there's anything doing; Henry Loesch, the great sporting editor; and "Bishop" Thomas A. Wright, one of the ablest dramatic critics in the country.



A Nose for News.

All of these were metaphorically given noses for news. But there was a certain reporter attached to the paper for many years who had the ability to gather news—took to it like a duck to water—and who also had a nose connected with his facial anatomy which could most appropriately be called a nose for news. His was the real thing in that line. It was something that could not be overlooked, and he was proud of that nose, too. Anybody

who saw him, whether they knew his occupation or not, would naturally decide at once that his ought to be a nose for news, if it wasn't, and among his associates and acquaintances it was a proverbial saying that he enjoyed that famous possession.

THE NOSE FOR NEWS.

True poets of majestic rhyme
Must be descended from the muse,
But journalistic heights you climb
With simply this: A Nose for News;
So he who pines to join the press,
A news proboscis must possess.

To those unable to control
Ambitious aims along this line,
I'd whisper wisely in the ear:
Count not your talents while you pine,
Consult the editorial crews
And let them judge your nose for news.

There was a brilliant reporter, named Harry Watkins, who died in 1895, and whose remains I sorrowfully helped to carry to his last earthly resting place and lower into the grave. He was a good-hearted, clever fellow, delicate in constitution and small of stature. I remember having heard him tell a joke on himself. He was given an assignment on one occasion to go to Camden, to report a public gathering. He repaired to a hotel, and, after going to his room, rang for some ice water. The boy who brought the pitcher of water, seeing him for the first time, gave a start and exclaimed, "Oh, boss, you scared me; please take that false face off."

Poor Harry! He was no Adonis, and not much of a saint, but he went into the next world with a smile on his face. To a friend who called on him a short time before he died, he said: "Well, I'm about gone; in a little while I shall ride in a procession, and I will be at the head of it for once."

It was at the house of Harry's mother that I roomed after I left my first boarding-house, and it was there that I lay during the only serious illness that I have ever suffered. Mrs. Watkins nursed me like a mother, and it was during that illness that I had a practical lesson to the effect that the "milk of human kindness" remains uncurdled in many breasts. Not only did my landlady nurse me when I was helpless, but my lady friends converted the rooms of myself and roommate into a bower of roses, and I was the recipient of more sweetmeats than six invalids could make away with, to say nothing of words of comfort and condolence. The office was as good, in sending me my salary every Saturday, the same as when I was working.

I remember on one night in 1901, reporter Guy Bilheimer was the only occupant of the editorial room, except the telegraph operator. He wrote heads for Associated Press dispatches with one hand, local items with the other, and talked over the 'phone to correspondents all at one and the same time.

"Gee, whiz," said he, about 11 o'clock, "if a fire should break out, how would I cover it? And there's that meeting at the Presbyterian Church, a wedding, a burglary, and the Lord knows what else, to write up. My, but ain't I in it? But they can't down me. Unless hell breaks loose, I'll get the paper out, all right." And he did.



CHAPTER XII.

REPORTING A SPEAKING TOUR.—SERVING A NEW BOSS.

DURING my many years of service with a newspaper, I have had the good fortune to meet and receive courtesies at the hands of a great many public men. The Gazette office, on Center street, was practically surrounded by the city, county, State and United States administrative offices. The State House was one-half block north of the newspaper office, the Post Office and Customs House next door on the South, with only a grass plot intervening; the City Hall a block away on the east; and the County Court House one block distant to the west. Most of the various officials were frequent visitors at the office. The two leading hotels, at one or the other of which nearly all visiting magnates stopped, or whose lobbies they frequented, were nearby.

While nearly all of my newspaper life has been spent in the business office before and since I tried to be a regular reporter, I have frequently had to fill in a gap when a man was short, or for other reasons have incidentally covered in an humble way numerous light reportorial assignments. So that I may say that I have had plenty of opportunities to keep my hand in. I could recite numerous experiences in this line, but, in order that I may not string these reminiscences over too much valuable white paper, I shall only refer to those which, for some personal reason, or by chance, bob up first or most opportunely in my memory. No great beats are to be looked for, however, as I cannot boast of making any.

In the summer of 1892, an agreeable commission as a special field correspondent was given me, which really afforded me a fine outing. This was to follow the candidates for governor and report the campaign. W. M. Fishback was the Democratic candidate; W. G. Whipple was the nominee of the Republicans, and J. P.

Carnahan was in the race as the representative of the Greenback party. The latter party, though short-lived, was very strong in Arkansas at that time.

The campaign opened up at Searcy in White County, with a joint debate between Fishback and Carnahan. (Whipple did not enter the spouting contest until two weeks later). The chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee was present to start off the fireworks. He was Judge Joseph W. House, a director in my company, and one of the drollest men in the world. He enjoyed a joke, and thought I was a good subject to play one on. The itinerary took in the mountain towns of the northern part of the State. Most of the points were off the railroads, and many moonshiners and other outlaws were supposed to dwell up there. When the time came for the party to leave Searcy, Judge House walked up to me, bade me good-bye, and, in the most solemn manner, said he was sorry, but he never again expected to see me alive; that it was too bad that the publishers of my paper had sent a young boy like me out on such a hazardous trip, as he feared the moonshiners who infested the hills would be sure to take me for a revenue officer and put a bullet through me.

I had heard that such occurrences did take place in the part of the country to which we were going, and as I did not know the Judge well enough to think he was joking, I believed the trip might be a little risky, and so I went and bought a pistol, which I carried conveniently in my hip pocket. It was a 32-calibre Smith & Wesson, and A. L. Smith, a well-known alderman of Little Rock, who was a member of the party, joked me considerably about carrying a toy pop-gun like that to fight desperate characters with. And, when I used the revolver in firing several shots at a big moccasin snake that was stretched out on the edge of a creek, and it, with lifted head and darting fangs seemed to defy and mock my poor marksmanship, Smith's amusement knew no bounds.

Colonel Fishback, Smith and I, together with the driver, rode in a two-seated conveyance through the mountains daily for more than three weeks, but I never found occasion to use my firearm further. Professor Carnahan followed us in a single rig.

It was a very enjoyable trip, and I entertain many interesting memories of it. Mr. Smith proved to be a good mixer among the people. His knack of getting along with strangers, his persistency in obtaining something to eat for the party in rural neighborhoods where there were no hotels or public eating houses, and his usefulness in other respects, made him a desirable traveling companion. He was also a good singer, and the hours consumed in driving between appointments were often pleasantly whiled away in song, led by him. Fishback also liked to sing. One day when all were fatigued after riding for six or eight hours, the Colonel started up the good old hymn, the first line of which runs, "How tedious and tasteless the hours," and that hymn was sung hundreds of times. The roads in places were exceedingly rough, and our driver seemed to strike all the rocks and stumps in sight with great precision and regularity. After a lull in conversation, especially when a shake-up occurred, the song would be resorted to, Colonel Fishback always emphasizing the lines, "Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flowers, have all lost their sweetness for me."

Governor Fishback was a dignified, courteous, scholarly man, of the old school, but he was not a fierce campaigner. He made practically the same speech at every place, varying little more than the introduction and peroration or the poetical quotation which he delighted to use. He devoted his attention particularly to the Republican high protective tariff, which was a leading issue at that time, and one of his pet sayings in regard to it, which always brought down the house, was that it was, "turning out millionaires at one end and paupers at the other." Smith and I laughed heartily about the way in which he figuratively

turned out these bloated millionaires and pitiful paupers every time he made a speech.

His opponents attacked him bitterly, but he showed no resentment and went on with his set speech, without paying much attention to them. Of course, it was a good speech. One day I tried to prod him up to the point of showing fight, but there was nothing doing. "Young man," said he, "never allow yourself to be put on the defensive or to be made angry in public debate." He won out with a large plurality.

Governor Fishback's voice was weak, and in order to keep his throat clear, he was in the habit of using Jamaica ginger in his drinking water. He swallowed large quantities of this beverage while speaking, and several times at his request I obtained new supplies of the stuff for him.

Prof. Carnahan was a good man, but he was apparently saturated with the foolish idea that he was a great commoner or a Cincinnatus, whose duty it was to save the poor people, who were being ground into the earth under the iron heels of monopolists and aristocrats; which continues to be a popular campaign slogan. He was dressed like a farmer, entirely the opposite in everything from the dignified Fishback, who wore a Prince Albert coat and a silk hat.

Carnahan was poor, without a campaign fund, or was extremely penurious. In traveling over the country roads, on two occasions when a stream of water was reached, he washed with his own hands his discarded soiled shirts and dried them while driving through the woods by hanging them out on the side of the conveyance. One of these shirts was black and, flying from the side of the buggy, it might have been taken for a war flag, a sign of distress, of the plague, or a pirate's signal.

We were treated with great respect in every town we visited, and by invitation the newspaper man usually participated in every courtesy shown to the candidates. The entertainment offered,

and the duties which I had to discharge to the paper in sending reports from the front, together with handling such subscriptions as I could pick up—I was urged not to forget the latter—kept me as busy as a cranberry merchant.

At one place I had to bribe a telegraph operator to wire in my dispatch, because it was after six o'clock in the afternoon, and then had to read every word of it to him as he telegraphed it, for the reason that he did not have intelligence enough to read it, and had never handled a news special before.

I considered that I did wonders on this trip by bringing back with me to the office all the expense money with which I had been provided and more besides, my expenditures and the over-plus having been collected in subscriptions to the paper.

Permit a slight digression here, to allow me to refer to a matter on which my mind delights to dwell. I shall confess that I was very much in love at this period. The friendly association with a certain fair one which had extended over several years after I chanced to meet her while she was a visitor at my first boarding house had ripened into a stronger feeling. En route home from the speaking tour which I have described, our party was met in the afternoon about two miles before we reached Batesville by a committee, which brought us our mail and escorted us to the town hall. A member of the committee named Arthur Nell brought me an interesting letter from my sweetheart. We tarried for a while in the woods to rest and chat, and I got out of the conveyance and sat on a log under a tree by the roadside, to reply to my letter with a note, to be mailed at the nearest post office.

The country thereabouts is mountainous and beautiful. The sun in all its majesty was descending behind the everlasting hills in the distance, the sweet words contained in the missive received, and the reverberation ringing in my ears of the "Sweet prospects,

sweet birds and sweet flowers” of the song we had been singing, combined to thrill my soul with ecstasy.

Up to this time I belonged heart and soul to the Gazette, but from now on I was to serve another mistress also, although it has been said that a man cannot serve two mistresses, any more than he can serve two masters.

Pardon the insertion in such a prosaic history of the following rude evidence of the romantic passion which then controlled me:

TO MY LOVE.

My fancy sees her image in the brook—
Her face in every flower; all day long
I hear the echo of a voice in song
From sweetest lips that mortal man e'er took
Soft kisses from; and her blue eyes, with look
Of love, I ever see among the throng
As I contend each day with right and wrong,
And turn another page in Life's strange book;
Wherein I missed the melodies of earth,
Most of its fairest beauties failed to see,
And wasted all the years passed since my birth
Until by chance I found the master key
To heart's delight and Nature's deeper worth
Through God's great gift of precious love to me.

One of the most amusing experiences I ever had occurred when accompanying, as a reporter, a Board of Trade Excursion through Eastern Arkansas. With the party was Harry H. Myers, lawyer, ex-Republican candidate for governor, and an all-round good fellow, with a keen sense of humor, who was capable of making a monkey of himself to add to the gaiety of a crowd. He had announced that when we reached a certain little town, where in his youth he had worked in the humble capacity of a railroad telegraph operator, he was expected to meet all his old boyhood acquaintances, who had planned to give him a big reception, and he had promised to make them a speech. He had prepared for

the occasion a regular oration, some of the strong parts of which he rehearsed to us en route.

Well, when the train stopped, it was raining to beat the band, there was no reception committee to meet the returned conquering hero and favorite son, neither were there any banners or music; in fact, there was not a soul around, and the little depot where Harry had once pounded the telegraph keys was locked up tight.

Harry turned white in the face, and the crowd yelled, but, not to be outdone, he stepped on the platform, and with expanded chest and the profoundest of bows, he proceeded in clarion tones to declaim his oration to the water-soaked, desert air, continually bowing to the right and left, gesticulating and emphasizing certain references to his imaginary dear old pals of the years agone, thanking them for their magnificent and very cordial reception and hearty greetings, which made the occasion the proudest hour of his life, etc. Being a real actor, as well as an orator, he made the incident screechingly funny. With "good-byes, and God bless you, old friends," to the absent ones, the train pulled out.

Mr. Myers is a great joker. Everybody knows him as "Governor Myers," although he never served as a governor. He explained this on one occasion at Dallas, Texas, to a correspondent of the Boston The correspondent met him at an interstate meeting of newspaper men, which "Governor" Myers attended in an effort to induce it to hold its next annual meeting at Hot Springs, where he then lived and served as superintendent of the Government Reservation.

The Boston newspaper man was anxious to meet "Governor" Myers, but was avoided by the latter, until finally cornered.

"Governor," said the correspondent, "you are not the present chief magistrate of Arkansas, are you?"

"No," replied Myers.

"And you seem too young to be an ex-governor?"

"I am neither," said Myers.

"But, everybody calls you 'Governor.'"

"Well, I'll tell you, in confidence, how I got that title," said Myers, with a straight face; "I ran for Governor of my State on the Republican ticket 28 times, without getting the office. After sending a committee to negotiate with me, the Legislature, in a joint session of both houses, enacted a law conferring the title upon me, provided I wouldn't run again, but disfranchising me from ever holding the office. You understand, it was a Democratic Legislature."

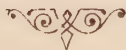
"Is that a fact?" enquired the correspondent.

"Upon my honor," declared the "Governor," "but the Legislature had precedent for that, you know; Marcus Claudius Tacitus, or some other noble Roman, was made Senator for life, and afterward Emperor by the Roman Senate."

"That's a good story," said Mr. W.

"But don't print it," insisted Myers. "I am a modest man, and don't like to get in print."

The journalist finally got Mr. Myers permission to print the story, and it forthwith appeared in the Boston newspaper.



CHAPTER XIII.

"SQUIRREL-HEAD" EDITORS AND "OLD LEAD."—FIERY ORATORY IN A FREEZING TEMPERATURE.

ON JANUARY 29, 1902, which is impressed on my memory as the date of a great sleet storm which swept over Arkansas and caused millions of dollars worth of property damage, I went to Hot Springs, to report a joint debate between Governor Jeff Davis, who was a candidate for re-election, and his opponent, E. W. Rector.

Arkansas political campaigns are usually exciting, and Davis had declared that he would make this one as hot as a going cooking stove.

The speaking took place at an auditorium called the "Opera House." The weather was bitterly cold, and there was no heat in the building. I sat in one of the wings of the stage, behind the scenery, and was compelled to wear my overcoat, hat, rubber overshoes and a muffler to keep from freezing, which was hardly to be expected in a temperate climate like that of Arkansas. The speaking, however, was red-hot. It was a case of fiery oratory mixed with a freezing temperature.

During the Arkansas political campaigns of 1903-4, in the month of August, I was sent to Lake Village to report a supposed sensational debate between Governor Davis and Attorney-General George W. Murphy. Colonel Murphy had been bitter in his denunciation of Governor Davis. The latter was equally harsh in his criticism of the former; and as both had accepted invitations to speak at a celebration to be given at that place, a lively time was expected.

Davis suddenly cancelled his appointment, after Murphy had gone to Lake Village, which caused Murphy in a speech to denounce him as a coward and a scoundrel. I never heard such an

harangue before or since. Murphy's style was caustic, cutting and dramatic. In this instance he employed verbal pitchforks, daggers and cannon. His vituperation was so terrific as to almost frighten the hearer.

There were three newspaper men in the party, and, being disappointed because a part of the sport was spoiled by the non-appearance of the star performer, we were anxious to get back to Little Rock as early as possible. Murphy was in the same frame of mind. But there was no train returning until the next morning, so we chartered a hand-car to carry us to Montrose, the junction of the Iron Mountain with the Lake Village branch, twenty miles distant, where we expected to catch a train at 10 o'clock



A Genuine Arkansas Squirrel-Head Editor.

bound for Little Rock. Taking turn about at propelling the hand-car, we reached the junction on time, after a tedious journey, but our train proved to be four hours late. Colonel Murphy became seriously ill, due to the heat and over-exertion, and it was necessary to give him some kind of a bed. There was no place to spend the time, except under the stars, as the little depot and everything else in the village were tightly closed. There was a

circular saw, about ten feet in diameter, in a wooden frame on the depot platform. The big saw was placed flat down on the platform, and taking off our coats, we gave them to Murphy for bed clothes and pillow. He lay down on the saw and slept soundly. The Colonel had the reputation of being willing to fight a circular saw, but this was probably his first experience in using such a tool for a folding-bed.

One of the hardest propositions the newspapers every encountered was the Governor Jeff Davis referred to. The Gazette, following its custom to take no part in a contest between Democrats for an office, had neither opposed nor advocated his candidacy in 1899; but that gentleman found that he could not control the paper, it had criticised his official acts, and, therefore he classed it with those papers which actually opposed him. He would buy space for advertising matter in regard to his campaign, and then in his speeches jump on the paper for charging him for publishing the ads. When cards of other candidates appeared, although they were marked "advertisement," he would accuse the Gazette of selling out to them.

As the company's manager, I had some dealings with him, and I must say that I never dealt with a more arbitrary customer. He disliked everybody connected with the Gazette. In a speech at one of his appointments he told the people he should like to exhibit me as a curiosity. Hatred does not enter my make-up, but I had such a dislike for him that when my commission as a notary public expired, during his term, I would not ask for its renewal.

Most candidates for public office are disposed to toady to the newspapers; at least, they endeavor to treat the publisher courteously and considerately, through a realization that newspaper publicity is valuable to them, if for no other reasons; but Governor Davis reversed this rule. He seemed to court the antagonism of the newspapers, and then to seek to turn their adverse criticism to his advantage, in appealing to the prejudices of a

certain element of the people by a hue and cry about a so-called subsidized press.

Early in his political career he became much puffed up, and if a newspaper commented adversely on his acts, he immediately blacklisted that paper. A majority of the newspapers opposed him; he could not handle them, but he attempted to make capital out of fighting them. In his speeches to rural audiences he was in the habit, for political effect, of denouncing the newspapers, especially those of Little Rock, as corporation mouthpieces. He delighted in referring to their editors as "squirrel-heads," and the editor of the Gazette was the grand chief of the despised rodents.

According to his peculiar brand of logic, any journal that would not come out flat-footed for him was bought up by the other side. Sometimes he would offer matter which could not be printed even as an advertisement, because it would be libelous. He would then print it in circular form, and state at the bottom of it that the paper was so unfair that it would not print this even for money.

In regard to the newspapers, he said:

"I used to keep a pack of hounds, and among the number was an old blue, speckled dog, with long ears, and we called him Old Lead. He had a mellow, gentle voice, and when you would hear his bugle note on the mountain side, you could swear that a fox was at hand; and at the same time I had a dozen black-and-tan hound pups, just old enough to train, and when these puppies would hear Old Lead open up, they would break through the woods barking 'yow, yow, yow.' They did not smell a thing on earth; they only heard Old Lead bark. That is the way with these newspapers in Arkansas. The Gazette and Democrat emulate Old Lead in this campaign; they open up, and the little country papers over the state break out, 'yow, yow, yow;' they do not smell a thing on earth, but they hear Old Lead bark." Then he would "light in" and give the Gazette fits. Said he, "I'd

rather carry a polecat under my arm than a copy of that lying sheet."

In likening the Gazette to Old Lead he was right in one respect—it always did lead in Arkansas.



"Old Lead" and the Pups.

As a matter of fact, Governor Davis was a wonder on the political stump. His power over a country audience has probably never been surpassed by any politician in any country. He was a spell-binder from away back. His powerful appeals to the "dear common people" to line up with him and help to "wallow these trust-heelers one more time" was never disregarded. His following was amazing, and the intensity of feeling against those who opposed him was also surprising. One well-intentioned countryman wrote to the Gazette in apparent sincerity that he believed Jeff Davis had been persecuted worse than had Jesus Christ on the cross.

Governor Davis was afterward elected to the United States Senate, and it will be remembered that he raised a disturbance there somewhat like the actions of "a bull in a china shop," with his famous "cob-web" speech and other sensational utterances,

but he was not taken seriously in Washington. He made himself heard on all occasions, however, and he had a degree of magnetism which attracted attention, especially on his native heath.

Jeff Davis vanquished all his foes, and won his cherished prize,
Although upsetting customs old his plans to realize.
He licked the festive "squirrel-heads" who so beset his path—
The editors who made him great—and always braved his wrath.

For more than thirty years a Democratic nomination in Arkansas has been equivalent to an election to an office. Years ago the custom grew up for candidates to make a formal announcement of their candidacy through the Gazette. The notice stood until the nominating convention was held or the primaries took place. A reasonable fee was charged for this card, and a complimentary notice of the aspirant appeared with the first issue containing the advertisement. The notice was usually the most important part of the transaction. The paid announcement was worded in this fashion:

ANNOUNCEMENT—The Gazette is authorized to announce Hon. Ham Smith, of Blank County, as a candidate for Governor of Arkansas, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Jeff Davis made himself notorious among the members of the State press by being the first aspirant for an important office within the Democratic party who had the colossal nerve to try to get a public place without paying this customary tribute to the newspapers. He bade defiance to a time-honored custom, but broke into office whether or no.



CHAPTER XIV.

A CHANGE IN OWNERSHIP, FOLLOWED BY A PRINTERS' STRIKE—PECULIARITIES OF COLONEL FROLICH.

NEWSPAPERS, like statesmen and politicians, flourish for a time, but often grow into disfavor with their whimsical constituency.

A feeling having developed that the Gazette did not reflect the true sentiment of the Democratic party of the State, and as the owners desired to sell the property, a new company was organized, which in 1899 bought it.

The new company had about 100 stockholders, composed of prominent men, who lived in different parts of the State, it being supposed that this kind of ownership would popularize the paper.

Col. Jacob Frolich, ex-secretary of State, was selected to manage the paper. He asked me to stay with him. He was a good newspaper man, and one of the foxiest I have ever known; but he was not suited to the place, and the duties worried him almost to death. He had a peculiar way of crossing his fingers and batting his eyes, which was especially noticeable when he was agitated.

I remember one incident which caused him to bat his eyes considerably. Previously I had made up the pay-rolls on Saturdays, but when he took charge he undertook to pay off personally. He continued to act as paymaster for several weeks, but one day, during warm weather, when he was seated at a desk near an open window—the office being close to the sidewalk line—some one reached in through the bars and abstracted a \$20 bill from the pile which he was counting and distributing into the pay envelopes. He let me pay off after that.

During Colonel Frolich's administration, a dispute arose as to the scale to be paid the printers, and as neither side would

compromise, a strike ensued. The printers walked out, the foreman, W. R. Barrow, locked up the office, handed me the key, and, with expressions of regret, he followed his men.

The strikers swore like pirates
They never would give in;
"More pay or no more paper,"
They said, with surly grin;
And forthwith started boycotts
In their attempt to win,
Win, win.

The strike was a hard blow to Frolich. He was serious and conscientious, but easily perturbed, and he fretted a great deal about it. He was afraid of mischief being done by the strikers. Time and time again, he would bat his eyes, and say to me, "Fred, please see that that there is no danger of fire and that the windows are all securely locked, so that no one can raise them from the outside. When you close the office, see that there are no loafers upstairs. Make them go out, if there are any. We don't want anybody in the building on Sundays. Look in the room back of the editor's. It is a loafer's resort—full of papers. Latch the outer door going upstairs."

The trouble was not adjusted with the Typographical Union, and printers belonging to what was then known as the Printers' Protective Fraternity were employed. It was a non-union office for several years after this, until Colonel J. N. Smithee took charge, when he reinstated the Union printers, and they have held the shop ever since.

Every department of the Gazette is now unionized except the clerical force and the writers, and when the craze was recently started to organize newspaper writers' unions, some of the reporters on the paper, laughingly, announced that they were as strong as horseradish for the movement. This is the day of Unions.

The Union printers called the non-union men "rats," and the Gazette a "rat" office until it was again unionized.

Another strike, confined at first to the job printing departments, occurred in 1905. Early in the contest, a struck Union man deserted and went back to work. At noon he took a drink too much and fell by the way-side. While limp and unconscious he was loaded on an express wagon and driven up to the office at which he worked, the carriers shouting as he arrived, "Here's your rat."

In this fight another newspaper, the Democrat, seceded from the Union. A paper friendly to the strikers referred to it then as the "Democ-Rat."

The strike finally assumed serious proportions. The boycott was again resorted to—not only against the paper, but also against all who advertised in it. Below is a notice of this unusual species of boycott, signed by the Central Trades Council, thus making the interdict include all the labor unions:

NOTICE TO ALL UNION MEN AND FRIENDS OF ORGANIZED LABOR.

The Central Trades and Labor Council of Little Rock held a special meeting on Sunday afternoon, January 28, 1906, at Labor Temple, and decided by unanimous vote to put on the unfair list the following firms: (Names omitted).

Friends of organized labor are requested to withdraw their patronage from the above named firms until they withdraw their advertisements from the Arkansas Democrat, which has refused to concede the 8-hour day to its employes, members of L. R. Typographical Union No. 92.

By order of Central Trades and Labor Council.

The master printers belonged to an organization known as the Typothetae. The printers called it the "Teapot."

Some day the question of unionism in connection with news-

paper plants will have to be fought out. With few exceptions, the mechanical departments of the big newspapers of America are dominated by the unions. The unions are good things, and no one should combat the right of men to belong to them, but when a union says that no one except the members of that organization shall work in your plant, it transcends its rights, and interferes with yours, as well as those of other individuals. A union card or certificate of membership and competency should be useful as a recommendation, but should be no more final with the employer than a certificate to the effect that a workman belongs to a certain church or secret society. The right of collective bargaining may be recognized, but the closed shop is wrong in principle. Composing rooms and press rooms should be open to any boy or girl, man or woman, who has mastered the trade, or desires to learn it, if the owner sees fit to employ and pay that one.

Speaking of "rats," reminds me of Tom Wright's fabrication of the educated rodents which he claimed to have discovered in the office. He swore he had several times seen them with his own eyes let down a string from the top of the office rat trap and fish out pieces of cheese, and that one of them was in the habit of holding the trap door open at other times while another went in and brought out the bait. He said it beat anything he ever saw—and I guess it did, for a fact.

Manager Frolich, whose unpleasant experiences with a labor union have been narrated, told me one day the interesting story of his first newspaper experience, which is perhaps worth repeating.

After the war between the States, he purchased an outfit in Memphis and started by boat, via White river, to Searcy, Ark., to start a paper there. He had invested all the money he had in this printing outfit. One of the boxes being conveyed with his material and himself on the boat, contained his suit of Confederate grey artillery uniform, which was well preserved and valued highly by him. He guarded this box with special care, but when

the boat was nearing his destination, while he was sitting on one of the cases, earnestly planning and composing an editorial announcement for the first issue of his proposed journalistic effort, he was suddenly upset by a lunge of the boat. A snag had been struck and the boat was sinking. Before he could realize the loss of all his hopes, he was standing on the bank of White river, sans printing outfit and wardrobe, and glad to get off with his life. He returned to Memphis and worked as a printer until he had saved enough money to buy another supply of type and a press, when he traveled to Searcy again by the same route, and did establish a paper there, called the "Record."

Several months after the loss of his printing outfit, as described, the Colonel said he was walking along the levee at Vicksburg, Miss., when he saw a colored man wearing a gray coat, which on account of some familiar trimmings, attracted his attention. On a second look he had no trouble in recognizing a part of the uniform which he had lost in the wreck of the boat on White river.

"Where did you get that coat?" he asked the darkey.

"I feeshed it outen White River too long ergo ter talk about, boss."

"Where are the pants and vest?" he inquired.

"I'se dun wore 'em out long ergo," he replied.

The Colonel felt bad about the fate of his uniform, but negotiated for the recovery of the wornout coat, as a relic of the past.

W. E. Woodruff, Sr., the founder the Gazette, brought to Arkansas the printing outfit with which he started the Gazette at Arkansas Post in 1819 in identically the same manner as Frolich imported the printing equipment described.

Colonel Frolich died in 1891, having resigned and been succeeded as manager in 1890 by W. M. Kavanaugh. Frolich had been ill for some time and had undergone a serious operation.

He one day wrote me a note to the effect that the doctors had come and gone, with their bulge pumps, crowbars, saws, pincers, corkscrews, knives, gimlets and augurs—an armfull of them—and he did not know whether he would survive an attack with so many weapons. He lived only a short time afterward.

The Gazette has had some strangely different types of men connected with it. Soon after the first strike alluded to, the paper was compelled to advertise for a foreman of its composing-room. A pompous man responded, coming from St. Louis. He was a capable foreman, who performed his duties well, but he seemed to lead a sort of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde existence, without seeming to want to deceive anybody, and he was an interesting study in human nature. He was a likable man, of ability and good education. He had been a minister of the gospel, and I once heard him preach as learned, as earnest, as eloquent and as entertaining a sermon as I ever listened to in all my life. I also knew him to exert a good influence in a private way, and I believe he was sincere in his words and actions at those times; but he had powerful weaknesses, or was possessed by an evil genius. Like many other preachers, he did not always practice what he preached.

After two years, this foreman left the Gazette, and established a weekly sheet of his own. It was conducted in such a manner as to reflect the contradictory character of the man. He could sling language as picturesque as ever was spread with ink on paper. The paper was on the sensational order, and, like most yellow journals, it soon died a natural death.

This remarkable printer-journalist, whose name was Gould, printed a paragraph in his paper one week which worried my wife a lot, after her attention had been called to it. It stated that I was fast becoming as big a liar as John Ginocchio. Now this would not be considered a reflection on Mr. Ginocchio or on me by those who knew the former intimately, as Mr. G. has for 30

years been the Little Rock correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and the Memphis Commercial-Appeal, papers which would not retain a fabricator. The famous M. de Blowitz, Paris correspondent of the London Times, did not have more influence with the powers that be, and was not more in touch with political affairs in his field than Mr. G. is in Arkansas. He is on easy terms with all the Bryans, Roosevelts, Wilsons, Lloyd Georges, and Clemenceaus of Arkansas politics.

Mr. Ginocchio incurred the displeasure of Governor Jeff Davis in May, 1905, while the governor was attending a meeting of a levee board in Memphis, by sending out some items that the governor would have liked suppressed. Gov. Davis and a crowd had repaired to a bar for some refreshments, at his invitation. Some one called for a gin-fizz.

"No, you don't," said the governor, "that sounds to me too much like the name of the Commercial-Appeal's correspondent (Ginocchio) and you don't drink that with me." They had a good laugh at John's expense, and a drink of something else on the governor of Arkansas.



CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER CHANGE IN ADMINISTRATION—EXPERIENCE WITH A CYCLONE—UP FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT. SOME RANDOM SKETCHES.

MENTION of changes in the personnel of the management of an enterprise may seem immaterial, but, as every human being is different from all others, so the changes in the management of a business where others are concerned greatly effects the lives of the employees, as well as the business itself.

Another change in the control of the Gazette took place on June 4, 1890, and, although the new manager, Judge W. M. Kavanaugh, has been dead for a number of years, I still carry in my mind's eye the mental snapshot which I gained of him when he came from Clarksville, Ark., and I first beheld that short, dumpy, stalwart, brown-haired young man, who had intelligence, energy, earnestness, eagerness and dogged determination stamped on his features.

He became one of my best friends and greatest benefactors, and his brief but phenomenal newspaper, business, and political career, during which he successively filled the various positions of publisher, sheriff, county judge, founder and president of the Southern Trust Company, United States Senator, as well as numerous other temporary positions of honor and trust in the community, furnished a remarkable example of what a young man of ability and push may accomplish in this glorious land of opportunity.

The following episode will illustrate two pronounced traits of Mr. Kavanaugh's character—that of being quick to resent an insult, or to protect his dignity and rights, and the spirit of generosity which controlled him when his feelings were appealed to.

One day a man had rudely attacked him about an adverse

criticism which appeared in the paper. Both were standing in front of the newspaper office. Kavanaugh, to resent an insult, was prompted to strike the other man on the face, and the blow was so forcible as to send his antagonist sprawling on the sidewalk, after which he had to be carried home. Mr. Kavanaugh regretted that he had felt called upon to punish the man, and insisted on providing medical attention and a nurse for him. They became warm friends.

Another strong character connected with the paper's history during the same period was George William Caruth, who was president of the company from 1889 to 1895. President Cleveland appointed him Minister to Portugal, which took him away from the paper. He resigned his connection and sold his stock to me. He never failed to entertain a crowd by his droll remarks. He had a wonderful fund of anecdote, and his repartee in private conversation or public debate was as quick as a flash. He also had a laugh which, if once heard, was never forgotten.

We had several good story-tellers on our board of directors, and often yarn-spinning took the place of the consideration of business at the meetings, as I learned when I became secretary of the company and had to be present.

After the minutes of the preceding meeting had been read and approved, some word spoken or incident referred to would cause John G. Fletcher to say, "That reminds me," and a story would ensue; then Colonel Bob Little would tell one, to be followed by Judge J. W. House or Mr. W. B. Worthen; and the uproar would continue until some one moved an adjournment.

And what a Big-Four these gentlemen did make! The like of them is scarce, as they were big men from every standpoint—hardy pioneers who had overcome many obstacles and won high places among their fellowmen.

There were interesting and original characters connected with other departments. A Gazette man who during this period

went from the worldly newspaper office into the sacred ministry was M. W. Manville, for years editor of the agricultural department, whom we called the "hayseed" editor. He had been a practical farmer, and after getting the necessary religious training on the Gazette, he felt that he was called to cultivate the Lord's vineyard—to sow seed from which would be reaped spiritual food. And he obtained a green pasture, with a desirable flock.

As the newspaper men had little chance for recreation, Judge Kavanaugh and I organized a Press Club in Little Rock. A billiard table and a reading room were provided. The membership was limited, and as the members saw each other nearly every day outside of the club, it soon became extinct. Its end was hastened by the fact that some of the members were inveterate card-players, while some of the others who belonged to the religious press were prejudiced against this pastime, especially where bets were made.

Many people do not know how careful a newspaper must be about what it prints. In the spring of 1901, while in charge of the business office, I had a narrow escape from jail for what seemed contempt of the United States Court. The paper published, as paid matter, a communication from a man in regard to a certain law-suit instituted against him in the State circuit court of another county. The article seemed to be entirely innocent, but it happened, unknown to me when I received it, that the man was being tried in the United States court on a criminal charge growing out of the former case, and Judge Trieber construed the matter as tending to influence the jury. Therefore, he jerked T. F. Kimball, the managing editor, and myself before the bar of justice.

Mr. Kimball got off lightly, because he arrived in court after I did, but the judge made an example of me by reprimanding me severely and delivering a long lecture on my innocent act. I made a statement to the court, explaining how the matter came

to be printed, and denying that there was any wrong intent. The judge stated that he should send me to jail, but forebore doing so, as he was satisfied that, while inexcusable, the affair was an oversight. The court room was crowded, and those who knew me geyed me unmercifully about it. I do not think the judge was warranted in this action. It seemed to me at the time that he took advantage of his position to deliver an unnecessary rebuke, but I may have been mistaken, as he bears the reputation of being a fair and an able judge.

Judge Trieber is a stickler for dignity. I afterward served as a juror in his court, and had a good opportunity to observe him. I was struck with the ceremony in vogue in this court as contrasted with the lack of it in our State courts. When his honor arrives in the morning, the crier announces his approach with, "Oh, ye, oh, ye, his honor, the Circuit Judge of the Eastern District of Arkansas now approaches," etc., and the occupants of the room stand while the Judge marches in. This Judge really trips along quickly in his movements. The Judges of the State courts do not stand on much ceremony. Indeed, if they tried it, they would never be re-elected by their democratic constituents. I rather like the ceremony, however.

Speaking of this court, reminds me of a joke the crier tried to play on me. There were two burly negroes, as black as tar, on the panel of the venire on which I served. The crier designated the seats for the jurymen, and he did his level best to seat me between the two negroes, but I evaded it.

On another day one of the Gazette men who had been drawn as a jurymen made a request of the judge to be relieved from duty, telling him how important it was that he be at the office: that there was no one to take his place, etc. The Judge looked at him a minute, and asked, "Young man, how long have you been connected with that paper?" Upon being informed that he had been employed on it for several years, the Judge said: "I am

creditably informed that that paper has run along for something like a hundred years, most of the time without your valuable assistance, and I believe it can manage to exist for awhile without you; take your seat in the box, sir; we want *important men* on this jury."

One of the biggest items which the Gazette ever handled was the disastrous cyclone that struck Little Rock at about 10 o'clock, p. m., on October 2, 1894. This storm almost put the paper and myself out of business.

I was standing at a desk in the front part of the office when I noticed that a strong wind was blowing, and, while I supposed that a storm was brewing, I had no idea what was coming.

Presently I heard a terrific noise, timbers were flying around on the outside, and a scantling was blown through the window, which passed directly over my head with such rapidity and force that if it had struck me I should hardly have lived to tell this poor story. All the electric lights were put out, and after the cyclone had passed over the city, rain began to fall in torrents.

I thought of my wife and baby, who were alone at home, eight blocks away, and, apprehensive of their fate, I started to go to them, but I found that I would be drenched to the skin if I did not have more than the usual covering to protect me. An umbrella was useless, on account of the heavy downpour of rain and the intense wind. With a candle to light me, I quickly went to the press-room and covered myself with heavy express wrapping paper, such as is used for bundling papers, and set out. In going to my house I had to walk over fallen telephone poles, wires, trees and all sorts of scattered debris; and, as it was as dark as pitch, the effect on my nerves was terrible.

I was rejoiced to find that my house was not in the path of the storm, and surprised to learn that my family was not aware of the severity of it.

Scores of buildings were either demolished or greatly dam-

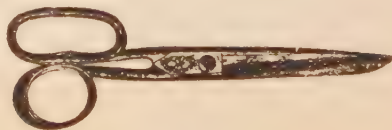
aged by this storm, and two telephone companies were practically put out of business, telegraph wires were blown down in all directions, a number of people had been injured and business was at a standstill for a day or two. The property losses ran up into the millions.

As the light and power plants were out of commission, and the streets were flooded by the heavy rainfall, it was extremely difficult to gather news about the catastrophe and there was great delay in getting out a paper, but it was finally issued and carried a graphic story of this terrible visitation of nature.

A few weeks after the events narrated in this chapter, I took a brief vacation, which I spent with my parents in Texas. During this visit, I was impressed with the apparent fact that some people do not have the proper regard for the newspaper man. I was all swelled up one day with the supposed importance of the newspaper business, and was indulging in a little braggadocio, when my father thought he would take me down a peg or two.

"The average newspaper man," said he, "doesn't often possess any of the qualifications of a true journalist or a literary man, but is generally found to be a windy fellow, with no ideas of his own, but lots of gall to extract and some gab to describe, in mighty poor English other people's ideas. Natural talent is not so much a necessity with him as a pair of big ears to catch on to and quick fingers to jot down, plenty of brass to enable him to stick his nose into other people's business, and a pair of long shears with which to clip other men's thunder. I know there are many honorable exceptions to the class described, and I would wish you to emulate them."

This held me for a while.



CHAPTER XVI.

SPECIAL EDITIONS—EXTRAS—CONTEMPORARIES.

THERE were lean and distressing years in the newspaper business. When finances got short, which was by no means infrequently, a special edition was sometimes resorted to. This was a great scheme at one time with most newspapers, but it has lost its pulling power and fallen into disrepute. The thing was overdone and abused, and it is a difficult matter nowadays to get up a successful special edition, unless it commemorates some important occasion. "It used to be a puddin'," as one advertising expert expressed it. The usual plan on which it was worked was to announce a big issue of thousands of copies above the regular circulation, for the ostensible purpose of advertising the city's natural advantages, its great resources and various industries, to be written up and illustrated in extenso. Incidentally, a firm, corporation or individual would be permitted as a special favor to insert an advertisement in this mammoth issue, at a price about twice the regular advertising rate—and here is where the money was made.

In the beginning, these special editions were got out by the paper's own staff, and were perfectly legitimate enterprises, but by and by there were developed, or born, Special Edition Experts, who trotted around the country getting up such editions, sometimes buying the space outright, but usually working on a percentage basis. They received a large part of the receipts (some times as high as 50 per cent), and these professional special edition men are still doing business. They are often the smartest kind of fellows, calculated to pull a man's leg or talk him into almost anything. And strange to say, people will listen to them when they would turn down the local man. Sometimes I fear these professionals use the same write-ups in every town, simply changing the names in them.

There is a firm of these experts with whom the Gazette made a contract which turned out satisfactorily. Their plan was unique. They sent a man ahead, to make a special write-up of every concern and individual of any consequence in the city, before the edition was announced or an advertising order solicited.



Explaining the Merits of a Great Special Edition.

These write-ups or "puffs" are then at the proper time submitted to the victims, who are solicited to order same inserted, at so much per line, in the great Special, soon to be spread broadcast over the entire earth. The write-up is so complimentary, is presented by such an oily-tongued solicitor, and appeals to so many of the weaknesses of the individual who is approached, that it is hard for him to turn down the canvasser. In nine cases out of ten an order is secured, unless the customer has been there a few times before.

What I say about special editions, which are said to belong to the grafting part of the business, is intended to be of a general

nature. The Gazette's One Hundredth Anniversary Number, issued November 20, 1919, in magazine form, on book paper, illustrated with half-tone engravings, was an especially worthy number, not to be classed with the "blue-sky" editions.

Several special editions of the Gazette were got out by one of the old timers, by the name of Colonel M. L. DeMahler, who was connected with the staff off and on for a number of years. He was a linguist, a traveler, an artist, a geologist, as well as a clever writer, and withal a unique character. His contributions were usually signed "Potomac," a pseudonym well known outside of as well as in the State. He did a world of writing of a high character, extending over many years, which, I am sorry to say, was not properly appreciated or rewarded; and likewise his services to the State in locating and advertising mineral and other resources were never acknowledged as they merited to be. He had actually walked over every county in the State of Arkansas. He was peculiar in appearance and manners, but, as he was exceedingly polite, instructive in conversation, deferential to women and loved children, he was a favorite in many homes. He had written up almost every county in the State, and his statements in regard to minerals, clays, coals and timbers were accepted as authoritative. He advertised the State by word of mouth and with his pen, and never ceased to sing her praises until death closed his flashing eyes, stayed his busy hand and silenced his loquacious tongue, at Harrison, Ark., in 1895. He was a German by birth, was understood to have come from a fine family, but his early life was evidently a mystery, and, though perhaps reared in luxury, he died penniless. The newspaper men buried him and placed a modest stone over his grave, bearing a brief tribute in the names of several of us who keenly felt his loss.

His style of composition was original, but was not popular. His sentences were complex, long-drawn-out and burdened with

foreign words and idioms. As the boys would say, he beat all around the bush in telling a story.

The compositors despised his copy, and what they called it, after the disrespectful manner of thoughtless printers, would not look well in print. Some puffed-up writers and editors would feel mighty cheap if they heard the merciless criticisms which sarcastic printers pass upon their copy.

I remember only one other man who contributed copy which was as difficult to set as that of DeMahler's, and that was that of the late Colonel Sam W. Williams, who wrote able articles in a most miserable scrawl, for the setting of which the compositors demanded double compensation. This was before the type-writer came into such general use in the preparation of newspaper copy.

The daily Gazette in the beginning was a six-day paper, but a Monday paper was started on November 20, 1906, to celebrate its 87th anniversary, and the paper was then issued every day in the year. I was not in favor of a seven-day paper, as it interfered with my religious tendencies, but the times and outside competition demanded it. Sunday's paper, gotten up on Saturday night and issued about four in the morning, is the big issue, that day's paper containing about twice the number of pages, and four times as much advertising, in dollars and cents, as week day issues. Before the Monday paper came, when something big occurred on Sunday, such as a battle during war times, a railroad wreck, a disastrous fire, or a great storm, an "extra" would be gotten out, in order to fulfill the paper's duty to the subscriber, and also to avoid being "scooped" by other newspapers. The Associated Press operator worked on Sunday nights, taking the news from the wires, the same as on other nights, though the report might be thrown away. This looked like a waste, but it prevented important items from being lost.

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At first these "Extras" were issued only to those who bought them, but latterly they were sent gratuitously to all subscribers.



Up to the time the great war broke out, when the government restricted the circulation of free copies and exchanges by newspapers, the Gazette's custom was to exchange its publication with every newspaper in the State, large or small. The difference in subscription rates, in the case of a weekly paper, was supposed to be paid in advertising the Gazette through the paper, but the rule was not enforced.

The first thing the cross-roads publication did when it started out was to apply to the Gazette for an "exchange," and one of the very next things some of them did was to criticize its city contemporary.

Some of the local sheets could hardly exist without having recourse to the Gazette, which furnishes them the State and political news. It is as important to them as their "patent insides," and yet they are prone to find fault with it. Many of the editors of the community papers think they could conduct the Gazette a great deal better than it is being handled; and perhaps they could. Some of the members of the rural press are very bright. They could not succeed if they were not alert men of talents. Think of what the country editor must know. He edits the paper,

looks after advertising, makes estimates on job work, and is man-of-all-work, often putting the reading matter in type himself. Authorities declare that the country newspaper office is the place for a man to start to climb the journalistic ladder. And that is where I started; but all who make that start, unfortunately, do not become famous, else I might have achieved fame.

Nearly all the newspaper men of the State are members of the Arkansas Press Association, which has done much good, especially in a fraternal way. Its annual meetings are usually wound up with an excursion to some appropriate point, and these outings are enjoyable affairs.



CHAPTER XVII.

SIDE LINES—THE HOO-DOO PLANT—INTOXICATED WITH POWER.

PRESIDES dabbling in real estate, I have at times found myself unable to resist the temptation to take on other side-lines. When the Gazette conducted a job printing department and bindery, owing to the facility afforded through this department, and because of my natural love for books and a leaning toward the publishing business, I was led to take advantage of several opportunities to publish books in my own name. One of these was a little historical book, entitled: "Early Days in Arkansas," by Judge W. F. Pope, an old settler. He was unable to get it out, it seemed, so I made an offer which he accepted, and I then contracted with the job printing department to print and bind it. The book was delivered to agents from the Gazette office, but no part of the transaction was allowed to interfere in any way with my duties or to be any burden on the concern. However, some of the boys made great sport at my humble attempt at the publishing business. I failed to enlist their sympathy or encouragement, and one of them posted the following somewhat sarcastic notice in the office one day, in rather an inconspicuous place as to outsiders, but where I would be sure to see it:

NOTICE!

"Sale of Allsopp's celebrated book, 'Early Days in Arkansas,' is now going on inside. Positively no admittance except to those desiring to purchase the book. Each person must get in line and take his turn, to avoid he stampede."

This playing with bookish fire eventually led me to enter the bookselling business, as mentioned under another head, and I found that I could do better selling the publications of others than my own.

In the year of our Lord, 1896, I came near going back on the "Old Lady," and a little flirtation which I had with another newspaper put a bad crimp in my finances. To fill the usual "long-felt want," there had been established in Little Rock a society and literary weekly, called the Saturday Bee, by George W. Gunder and Chris. Ledwidge. These young men induced me to join them in the enterprise a year later.

It was my ambition at that time to get into something where I could have more of a proprietary interest. The Bee had an elegantly equipped office, was issuing an attractive weekly, and seemed to be a profitable proposition. I was to be "let in on the ground floor," and could not help but make money out of the enterprise. Well, after arranging to spend only half of my time with the Gazette, for a proportionate amount of salary, I agreed to take a one-third interest in the newspaper, and *was* let in on the ground floor.

The arrangement lasted only a short time, as I soon became sick of it. The thing proved to be financially a miserable failure, and it cost me a considerable sum to experiment with it, which took my savings for many moons.

I finally became the sole owner of the magnificent property, sold the plant, on easy payments, to three different people, successively, and promptly got it back each time, on account of defaults in payments. I finally traded it, for the fourth time, to a man who transferred it, with my consent, to another, who moved it to De Vall's Bluff, where it was burned. I had been paid only a few dollars as a first payment. I held a mortgage on the outfit and the party agreed to keep it insured for my benefit, but he had failed to do so, and as he has not acknowledged the debt since, I never got a further cent out of it. It therefore turned out to be a regular hoo-doo plant. This Bee stung everybody who was connected with it except the last man.

I was fortunate enough to be able to get back my former



A Cartoon of the Business Manager.

full position and salary on the Gazette, and I returned to it, a sadder but a wiser man. Soliciting business for a comparatively unknown paper, which I eventually discovered really had very little excuse for existence, was a different thing from working for a paper having the prestige of the Gazette. But, I believe now that if I had stuck to the Bee for a few years it could have been worked up to a profitable basis. I got scared too soon, perhaps. At any rate, the Bee gathered little honey for me, and, like Goldsmith's publication of the same name, was unsuccessful and short-lived.

A little authority, like a little learning, is sometimes a dangerous thing. Some time after my fiasco with the Bee, Mr. Kavanaugh was compelled through illness to be absent a great deal, and I was given full charge of the business. He gave me a letter clothing me with authority to act, and notifying all employees to respect my orders as his own. I became somewhat chesty with authority and intoxicated with power. The superintendent of the job department had been neglecting his duties, and I "fired" him as unceremoniously as a former autocratic czar would order the head of a Nihilist cut off. The stenographer declined to obey me in a certain particular, and I forthwith "canned" him, too. Both were good-hearted fellows, who had done much for me previously, and I regret that I did not put up with their failings and their disobedience to me as a temporary boss, letting some one else discharge them, if necessary.

I have learned to be more tolerant, as I find that perfect men are scarce. The smart man is often a drunkard, or unreliable. The faithful, conscientious man is sometimes a dullard, whose lack of enterprise is disgusting. So that it is impossible to find all the good qualities in the same person.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SAM JONES* AND THE GAZETTE.

A RELIGIOUS controversy is the most disastrous thing that a newspaper can engage in. The Gazette's criticism of the celebrated Georgia evangelist, Sam P. Jones, in 1890, was a great mistake in policy. It temporarily lost the paper subscribers by the wholesale, and caused indiscriminating people to believe that its course in making light of him was an attack on religion, instead, as intended, of merely being a protest against the evangelist's unusual and seemingly half-vulgar methods.

The complaints received at the office showed that he was immensely popular. The harder the paper roasted his clownish sermons the greater the crowds he drew, for he was receiving splendid advertising. The majority of the people not only went to hear him out of curiosity, but they seemed warmly to endorse him. One day Sam put the question to an audience of about 5,000 people, and I think they nearly all stood up to signify their endorsement of his course and their disapproval of the Gazette's criticism. It taught me the lesson of letting people's religious affairs alone.

I was again scribbling for the paper at that time, and had a department of weekly comment, in which I dished up ponderous lucubrations on topics more or less current, which I fondly supposed were read with great avidity and had a tremendous influence. It was in this column that Sam Jones was touched up for the first time in that paper, the editorial and news columns going for him afterward, although I do not suppose that my opinions had anything to do with the editor's subsequent treatment of the matter.

*Mr. Jones died on October 14, 1906, on a Rock Island train, near Perry, Ark., en route home from Oklahoma.

Mr. Jones referred to the people of Little Rock as "dear dying sinners, of the wickedest city in the United States—apologies for men, of whom it would take one hundred, and lots of clay, to make one decent man," etc., whereat I took it upon myself to preach him a little sermon through the paper, taking my text from the 9th and 10th verses of the first chapter of the Epistle of Paul to Titus: "For there are many unruly and vain talkers and deceivers, * * * whose mouths must be stopped, who subvert whole houses, talking things which they ought not, for filthy lucre's sake." I asked the people to do more thinking for themselves, instead of being swayed by what was said by every demagogue, hypocrite or fanatic who has a flap-jack mouth which is wound up to work on the perpetual motion plan and wags an oily tongue. I declared that it was a desecration of the Sabbath to go to hear Sam Jones on that day, as he was merely an entertainer, and that the example set by one godly man or woman did more good than all the money-grabbing so-called evangelists that ever lived. I called attention to the fact that St. Paul said to the Corinthians, "Be ye imitators of me, even as I am of Christ, and whatsoever ye do, in deed or word, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." I tried to make the point that uncouth language and slang such as Sam Jones used in the pulpit could not be employed by a true servant of God in the name of the Lord. I averred that a good preacher, a true servant of God, "holding fast the faithful word as he hath been taught," could exercise a greater influence than the man in any other calling, while the one who robs Christianity of its dignity, solemnity and sublimity did the cause incalculable harm. I asked that the gospel be preached in the good old fashioned way, which has comforted countless thousands and led them to glory, but that the sensational preacher be taken away, or reformed, in order that the "sword of the spirit" might prove its own power. I hit him as hard as I could, but merely in the way of deprecating his sensational methods. Strange to say;

I did not cause him to change his ways. Sam stuck to his original methods to the last.

Some of the church people became wrathful when the Gazette, in referring to the termination of the meeting, stated that "Sam Jones closed his eight-day performance at Baucum's Cotton Shed last night;" that the "entertainment was delightful, the comedy parts affording the audience a great deal of pleasure, as was frequently manifested by loud and uncontrolled laughter and the clapping of hands." "Brother Jones," wrote the reporter, who was Dick Brugman, a past grand master of ridicule, "was in good voice, and his trip up the Iron Mountain road had the effect of limbering up his joints, which greatly assisted him in his acrobatic movements about the stage, necessary to illustrate his minstrel jokes. The infants seemed to enjoy the fun as much as the grown folks."

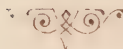
When the Reverend Mr. Jones read that I think he is said to have called the author nothing milder than "a skunk."

The committee in charge of the meeting had purchased the large tent used for the occasion from a stranded circus company, and it was announced that God had closed the wicked circus to turn the canvas into a gospel tent; but, through some misunderstanding, it seemed, a settlement with the showmen had not been promptly made. Mr. Brugman, referring to this, stated: "Among the audience there were six or seven men, hungry and crestfallen. These men were the only ones present who could see nothing in Mr. Jones' remarks to laugh at. They had followed a circus for years, and had heard the jokes before. They were present waiting for their pay for the tent. They wanted something to eat. The best clown in the world can not make the man laugh who has not tasted food for twenty-four hours."

This was sacrilegious talk, in the opinion of the Jones adherents, and it may have been in bad taste, although it seemed to

me, some of Mr. Jones' language and antics were so coarse as to deserve it.

Sam Jones came to Little Rock, to lecture or preach, almost every year after the event narrated, up to the time of his death, and I had additional opportunities to study the man and his ways. As a result, I am willing to admit that there may have been method in his madness, and that he no doubt did good, in reaching people whom dignified methods would not touch. I have learned more of the world and of its heterogeneous population, and, as Sam himself said, if you talk real sense to some people, they don't know what it means. It is stated that he could earn \$200 a day talking in his way, when he undertook to charge for his talks, while if he had talked nicely, as some people think he should have done, he wouldn't have gotten twenty cents. "Do you see, Bud?" as he would have said.



CHAPTER XIX.

THE ATTEMPTED SHOOTING OF THE EDITOR.

May 11, 1896, marked another important cycle in the history of the paper. On that date Colonel J. N. Smithee acquired control of a majority of the stock of the company, and became its president and also editor of the paper. This was his second connection with it, having been its foreman about twenty years before, and later its editor.

I heard him relate the story of the installation of the Associated Press Service. Before that great event, he said, the news dispatches were often twelve to twenty-four hours old; and at that time the paper was worked off in the afternoon, folded by hand and laid aside for the carriers until the next morning. How slow! Now the people demand live news from all over the world, hot from the wires, within a few hours after it transpires. The advances made in the newspaper business probably outstrip the improvements in any other business. In an 1820 file of the Gazette is a complaint from the editor that the mail from Washington is *two weeks overdue*. Think of it!

Colonel Smithee was to handle both the editorial and business ends. He appointed me secretary and assistant business manager. He trusted me in every way, and I tried to make his labor light. On Christmas, 1897, he presented me with a fine gold watch, which I still carry.

The attempted shooting of Col. Smithee in the Gazette office by Senator R. D. McMullen of Yell county, during the session of the legislature, in 1897, of which occurrence I was more than an eye-witness, was really a ludicrous affair. Mr. McMullen was not a bad sort of a fellow, according to my idea. I knew him fairly well, as he and I had been members of the same law class, and I do not believe that he wanted to kill the Colonel. The editor had

humiliated him beyond reasonable bounds by denouncing his actions and impugning his motives in voting on certain bills, and he was goaded on to make a show of resentment. The weapon used was a small 32-calibre revolver. Senator McMullen was within five feet of the Colonel when he fired, and his target was an extra large man; but the shot came nearer hitting me than Colonel Smithee. I was standing at McMullen's side, and had just caught hold of his arm, when the weapon was discharged. The ball went into the office railing near me, at an angle of nearly 45 degrees from Smithee. I immediately grasped both wrists of the assailant from behind and held him in such a position that he could not fire again, until others disarmed him.

Colonel Smithee showed remarkable nerve, for he never flinched nor moved. He had bravely stood fire before many a time in personal encounters as well as in war. When McMullen, with cocked revolver, demanded an apology before he fired, Smithee simply told him that he had no apology to make, and stood up before him like a stone wall.

Trouble had been expected, and when the Senator entered the office, apparently with "blood in his eye," everybody got out, except the Colonel and myself,—and I suppose I would have run, if I had not been caught in a corner.

There are hazards connected with the newspaper business. I remember that one night soon after I hired myself to the Gazette there was a little private war in the editorial rooms, which resulted from a write-up of an affair at Hot Springs. The lie was passed between the editors and the belligerent callers, when a personal difficulty occurred, in which the editor, the manager, and others took part. Nobody was killed, but the affray was a serious one.

Every once in a while a man will take offense at something which has been printed, and try to shoot up the office.

The paper was not a financial success under Smithee's ad-

ministration. W. B. Worthen was carrying the burden, in the shape of a \$67,000 bonded debt and interest. The Colonel resigned, and Mr. Worthen was elected President. I remained as secretary.

Colonel Smithee afterward wrote a book, but he was greatly disappointed in not being able to find a publisher for it. A few months before his death he wrote me the following letter in regard to this book:

"23 Irving Place, New York.

"Dear Fred—I will soon have my book ready for publication. It will be very interesting to the public, and in so far as it deals with facts it is a faithful narrative, and most valuable to the student as well as to the general reader. When engaged in writing it I felt a great interest in the work. After I got through I didn't think much of it. But those who have seen it give me great encouragement. I have been told by some that it is better and will be more popular than Winston Churchill's 'Richard Carvel,' or 'Crisis'; Pidgeon's 'Blennerhasset,' 'Janice Meredith,' 'Eben Holden,' or 'David Harum.'

"I am not carried away by these eulogies. The publisher must pass on the merits of the book. That there are many things new and startling in the volume—so far as the American reader is concerned—I am well aware. The book bears this title: 'Aaron Lewis—A Story of the Southwest.' (I may change this to a Story of the Trans-Mississippi.)

"The foundation is the trip of Albert Pike from St. Louis across the plains. * * *

"Sincerely,

"J. N. SMITHEE."

The work contained some interesting and meritorious features, but it was not a novel, a history or a biography. It was a sort of literary conglomeration, and therefore was not saleable.

The Colonel was supposed to have been unfortunate in some mining investments. After spending several months in Colorado with his family, and a term in New York, where he had friends, he returned to Little Rock, in 1902, and lived at the Merchants Hotel. He was often seen there by friends, with whom he joked and spun yarns, seemingly in good health and spirits. Therefore,

on the 5th of July, of that year, I was shocked, as were hundreds of his friends, to hear the sad news that he had committed suicide by shooting himself. It was a shame! He was but 58 years of age, hale and hearty, of magnificent physique, capable of many years of usefulness. He was short of funds, and too proud to make known his circumstances to his friends, who were numerous and would have done almost anything to accommodate him, especially if they had known that they could thereby have prevented such a sacrifice. In a fit of despondency he took his own life.

Two days before he committed the rash act, he told me, in a cheerful vein, that he was going to Denver, and, referring to a life-size portrait of himself which hung over my desk, he said: "Well, Fred, I see you keep the old man up there; if you get tired of that picture, send it to my folks in Denver."

I was a pall-bearer at his funeral, and I never attended a sadder one. It was hard to realize that a great and noble-hearted Southern gentleman had passed away under such unhappy circumstances.

He left two notes, one of which read:

"Take my body to W. M. Tindall's undertaking establishment. I want no one but him to handle it. I would prefer cremation, as I believe all dead bodies should be thus disposed of. If that cannot be done, a plain pine coffin will suffice. It is a matter of indifference to me where the remains are planted. The less ceremony at the funeral the more it will please

"J. N. SMITHEE."

This was his last message to the world, addressed to no one in particular. The words were written with ink, in his usual handwriting, without an apparent tremor, every character being carefully and beautifully penned.

Men sent gay flowers to deck his tomb,
Who, had they earlier sent him cheer,
They might have long delayed his doom;
Forgive them, Lord! and if, through fear,
Poor Smithee, erred, forgive him, too,
For to his friends, he was most true!

There is a rustic picture of Colonel Smithee hung in a chamber of my memory. I was spending a Sunday at the country home of my father-in-law, James Chapple, about eight miles west of Little Rock, when, driving along the country road, close to the farm house, came the Colonel, in company with his life-long friend, the celebrated Senator A. H. Garland. They were on their way to town from Garland's country retreat, known as "Hominy Hill." Remember that Garland was a distinguished man. He had held almost every public office within the gift of the people of Arkansas, including that of Governor and United States Senator, and he had also served as Attorney General of the United States in President Cleveland's cabinet. Then think of this picture of rural simplicity: Garland and Smithee, both corpulent men, seated beside each other, on a bare plank seat, in a common farm wagon, drawn by two mules and driven by a negro man. The men were dressed in the commonest kind of garb, without collars, suspenders or coats; and you would have thought, if you did not know them, that they were bushwhackers, hedgers or ditchers. They had spent a jolly time at Hominy Hill, which is so well hidden in the recesses of the woods that it is said few people can find it at all. While built in country fashion, this house was provided with every comfort, and there Senator Garland is said to have stored one of the finest private libraries in the country. He also usually kept on hand for his friends a goodly supply of the best whiskey.

Colonel Smithee had a kind heart and a generous disposition. He was a great benefactor to the printers. He will ever be remembered by the old employees of the Gazette for having sent each year during his incumbency as its manager a big fat turkey to the family of each married employee on Thanksgiving Day. This was an incentive to matrimony.

O, who would not be married folks
On blest Thanksgiving Day,

When the old Gazoot gives turkeys fat,
Besides the usual pay?
The bachelor swells and spinsters sour
Cannot get in on this—
And matrimony's coveted
By every man and miss.
Why not tie up with some one sweet,
To live on love and turkey meat,
In some secluded home retreat?

Another evidence of Colonel Smithee's big-heartedness was the giving of a bountiful dinner to all the newsboys and the sending of them to a matinee performance at the theatre on Christmas Day.

He also gave medals to negro life-savers who had distinguished themselves by rescuing boys from drowning in the Arkansas river.

It was Colonel Smithee, assisted by George R. Brown, who started the movement for the erection of the beautiful Confederate monument which stands near the entrance to the new State Capitol grounds in Little Rock, but he did not live to see it unveiled.

The creation of the Arkansas Railroad Commission was due to his advocacy of it.

The unpleasant experiences which we have with mankind sometimes cause us to forget the good in human nature, and inclines us to doubt if there are many really good-hearted people in the world. A few years ago the Gazette inaugurated along this line a feature that was inspiring. This was a Goodfellow Christmas Club, through the operation of which the Goodfellows contribute Christmas cheer to needy children or other poor persons. The whole thing is conducted anonymously. Some one is employed to obtain and write in a book the addresses of indigent persons; their condition and characters are investigated, and when approved, the names are furnished to kind-hearted folks

who will undertake to help them, or contributions may be placed by the person in charge of the Club. The newspaper is merely the clearing-house.

That charity which is bestowed in connection with having one's name printed, with the amount set opposite, is often mere ostentation; but when a man or a woman offers to give money or other gifts, simply to be donated where needed, without being known in the transaction, and with no hope of any present reward, it is known that that person's heart is in the right place. It is genuine charity. It evidences a proper Christmas spirit.

On a Christmas Day just before this was written, one man sent in a draft for \$100 to provide a bicycle for a cripple boy, who was an entire stranger to him; a lady called to say, "I will take care of three or four poor boys or girls;" a retired army officer offered to deliver to a needy, worthy girl of ten years, dresses, dolls and other things which his daughter had outgrown; a man sent word that he would provide for some orphan children—and he did not care how far out they lived, as he would deliver the articles in his automobile; and so on.

Such acts were revelations to a callous person, and made glad the hearts not only of the recipients of the gifts, but of all who were acquainted with the good deeds.



CHAPTER XX.

OPIE READ.—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S REVELRY.

THE Gazette has had attached to it during its more than one hundred years' existence numerous great and good men.

The humorist, Opie Read, had disconnected himself from the paper only a short time before I went to work for it—probably because he heard I was coming. He left the Gazette to establish the "Arkansaw Traveler," which enjoyed a great circulation and reputation for a number of years. His fun was called Arkansas humor, in a derisive way, but his writings were read and laughed over by countless thousands. One of his novels describes his early newspaper experience in Arkansas.

Since Mr. Read has become a celebrity, it may be interesting to know how he started as a writer. He had served both as a printer and a writer on several small papers, when he is said to have drifted from a country printing office in Arkansas to a position as a typesetter in the composing room of the Arkansas Gazette. One night the editor went to the room where the printers were at work, to look for a man to take the place of a reporter who was sick. The foreman on behalf of the editor requested a printer named Charles Elbright to take the assignment, but the man declined the work. As a joke, it was then suggested to Opie that he become the supply man. He accepted, and his first piece of copy, which covered a sensational police court item, proved to be a bunch of humor. The editor was so highly pleased that he offered to retain Opie in the news room;—and thus he started on the road to fame.

Here is a joke which is said to have been perpetrated by Read on an Englishman: One day, while Read was conducting the Traveler, a printer who slurred his "h's" called at the office, on West Markham street, in Little Rock. After the man had gone,

Read took several cap "h's" from a case of type, wrapped them in a piece of paper and sent them to the printer, with this note: "Dear Mr....., here are some h's which you dropped in our office.—Opie Read."

In my early days I read everything from Read's pen that I could get my hands on, for his was about the only literary publication in the State, and among the material which I remember reading in the *Traveler* shortly after my arrival in the "Rock," was a skit in blank verse, which burlesqued several well-known Arkansas newspaper men and a lawyer. It was very amusing to those who were familiar with the circumstances referred to in it. As it reflects a light on newspaper affairs of other days long past, I propose to quote from that long-forgotten piece.

Some of the newspapers at that time advocated the recognition by the State of certain invalidated State bonds, and they were accused by those interested on the other side of having ulterior motives in advocating their payment. I believe the editors to have been sincere and honest, as well as loyal to the State's interests. They were no doubt misjudged, as many patriotic newspaper men have been, before and since. They believed that the State should pay her legal debts, and there were many people who thought, and still think, that while there may have been fraud connected with the issuance of the repudiated bonds by the Republicans during Reconstruction days after the Civil War, the bonds were issued by those in authority, were in the hands of innocent holders, who had given full value for them, and they should be paid; or, at least, that it would have been much better for the fair name of the commonwealth if they had not been repudiated. Time has justified that belief.

There are always meanly disposed people who are ready to question a good man's motives, especially those of an editor who does not think as they do. Opie Read was not one of those who would have purposely reflected on his brother editors, but he was

a jolly humorist. It happened that a bunch of editors met at Little Rock and had a little blow-out, in the days when there was a decanter in nearly every newspaper office, as well as on the home sideboard. Mr. Read was probably one of the party, and it is supposed that he was really the "old Snoozer," who is represented as asking why good business men should loan money to editors. This sketch was intended as a burlesque on Madam Rumor's talk about the editors of those early days:



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S REVELRY.

"Scene—Little Rock newspaper office. Time—Night. A company of gentlemen are assembled at supper around a table.

First Editor:

"What ho, good company! by th' buttons on
The coat that Thomas Jefferson once wore,
Let's lift our glasses high and gayly drink
The health of our good friends, and their great plans,
Which like the clustered grapes beneath the glow
Of sun and gleam of moon do brightly ripen.

Second Editor:

"Ah! gentlemen, come drink ye one and all,
For by the powers that some men great are made,
And others small are thrown out from the molds,
Our plans are laid to make the country howl;
Yes, by the flannel shirt Diana wore,
And by the horns of every brindle cow
That lashes flies on Pine Bluff's spacious green,
I'm going to give the throb of actual life
To this most bold and giant enterprise

Lawyer:

"O, Caesar, Plato, Jumbo, all the rest,
Come bow your heads and hear his royal nibbs.
By my coupons, from whence dost thou hail?

Second Editor:

"By my fine Roman nose, how dare thou ask?

Lawyer:

"Well, now, by Jove's ambitious Syndicate,
I think this high and double-jointed cheek.
Did I not lend ten thousand ducats once?

First Editor:

"Hush, Dossie, hush; be quiet a while, I pray,
For that old snoozer standing over there
Does not well understand the ways of life.
You could not in a twelvemonth make him see
Why I should borrow money. Other men
Can borrow all they want, you know, my friend,
And not the slightest kind of kick is made,
But when I borrow half of what I need,
The people howl and rend their nether clothes.

Old Snoozer:"

"Ah, by the way, most noble Colonel,
Since you have brought the subject to the light,
Blamed if I wouldn't like to know why you,
At one full swoop, ten thousand ducats borrow?

First Editor:

"Have I no right, my friend, to borrow funds?

Old Snoozer:"

"All men may have a right to borrow, Colonel,
But, by my plowshares, what I want to know
Is why good business men should make such loans.

Old Fogy:

"And while the subject's up, will you tell me
Is this Gazette a democratic sheet,
Or do the Rads now claim your mighty quill?
When Brower took his journey to the North,
The man who spread the ink while he was gone
Whitewashed old Dorsey and upheld the gang.

First Editor:

"Here, now, allow me for all time to say
That all men who make such a claim as that
Do shame the naked truth and simply lie.

Old Fogy:

"Don't you say, sir, that I have told a lie!

First Editor:

"I say, by that famed squint of Tilden's eye,
Thou liest like the man who catches fish,
Or like the man who kills the biggest snake.

* * * * *

"The dark-winged bird of sleep moved o'er the scene,
And none too soon, for Gods! the wine was mean!"



CHAPTER XXI.

THE MERCHANDISE OF ADVERTISING.

What is it makes people famous?

Persistent work and printers' ink.

What is it makes merchant princes?

Advertising brings them chink.

A LARGE part of the time which I have eked out in a newspaper office has been devoted to the dear advertiser and the selling of space. And as this is the age of advertising, as well as steel and iron, I consider it an important work.

The commodity of advertising is really what furnishes the sinews of newspaper warfare, as is generally understood. If it were not for the large revenue which comes from public announcements made through the medium of its columns, the average newspaper would be much smaller than at present, even though the typesetting machine has materially cheapened composition. Fully two-thirds of the revenue coming to the publishers of most newspapers and magazines is paid in by the advertiser. Each copy of the Saturday Evening Post, which sells for a nickel, is said to cost about 24 cents to produce. The advertiser has to pay the difference, with a profit added. The advertiser, therefore, is the publisher's best friend. And here is where, in many instances, the publisher or his advertising managers and clerks, barter off their very souls for a mess of pottage. It is here that the newspaper man encounters his greatest temptation, and usually falls.

The first thing the shrewd buyer of space asks, if he is on to his job, is what is your rate; and the next question is as to your circulation. The card rate is produced, and the circulation and distribution is exaggerated, except in the cases of exceptional saints like me. Conditions are better now than formerly in this

respect, but the advertiser almost expects you to lie about your circulation, and the fake publisher makes the honest man's circulation look like thirty cents. This condition was so well nigh universal up to a few years ago that it became customary for the newspaper directories and the large buyers of space, such as the patent medicine men, to demand sworn circulation statements.

When I was first broached on the subject of a sworn statement of circulation, I took it as a reflection, and for a time refused absolutely to furnish such a document. I told the advertiser who would not take my word for our circulation that he could stay out; but I was compelled to reverse myself on this, for the use of such affidavits became general, and they are now furnished as a matter of course. The general advertiser is now getting the question of circulation down to an exact science, and the Audit Bureau of Circulation, of Chicago, is officially determining the circulation of the leading newspapers. The post office department now also requires each publication that goes through the mails at second class rates to print on the first days of April and October of each year a sworn statement, not only of its average paid circulation for the preceding six months, but showing its ownership and the names of the holders of any bonds which it may owe.

A few years ago a letter received from a prominent New York advertiser stated that it would be necessary for him to receive an affidavit of circulation covering the following information:

"DISTRIBUTION OF CIRCULATION.

"1. Total copies mailed or delivered by carriers on paid subscriptions.

"2. Total copies sold to news companies, news stands, etc., net after deducting all returns on unsold copies.

"3. Total copies sold to newsboys, net after deducting returns.

"4. Total sent to advertisers and advertising agencies.

"5. Total exchanges.

"6. Total number of free sample copies actually mailed or otherwise distributed.

"7. Total number of papers sold in bulk, distributed free for advertisers or for political purposes.

"8. Total number returned, unsold, spoiled in printing, etc.

"9. Give actual press room run.

"N. B.—All of the eight clauses must be answered and attested before a notary. We do not want averages, but actual figures."

The clerk who handled it said: "It's a wonder he didn't ask to know how many were sent by the advertising clerk to his sweethearts, under penalty of death for furnishing false information."

After the circulation has been proven to the satisfaction of the advertising magnate, he begins to beat down the rate. All sorts of offers are made, and, to get a juicy contract, the temptation to give a discount or some concession, when demanded, is hard to resist. The strict enforcement of a uniform flat rate is, perhaps, the exception outside of the larger newspaper offices. The newspaper man has a hard time to be exactly truthful in his circulation statements and absolutely fair in charging all alike for space. Conditions have, however, undergone a great improvement in this respect in recent years. The publisher has become more business-like.

The newspaper man runs up against plenty of fakers who have gold bricks to sell. The patent medicine men are among the toughest customers. They are nervy and want the earth when they come around. They must have the best position, the lowest rate, and often want you to print for them as to the wonderful properties of thier medicines the most extravagant claims

and the most barefaced lies. Some of them also go so far as to ask you to gather testimonials for them, and to go out and place their goods with the druggists, if their advertisements are wanted. Then you must give free readers, print the picture of the alleged great inventor or medical wizard who compounds the stuff. You must also as a rule accept the business through an agent, which costs you a commission of fifteen per cent.

Some of these advertisements are positively nauseating, and the self-respecting publisher is often compelled to draw the line on them and insist on editing the copy. To a certain extent the publisher is a sort of common carrier in respect to carrying advertisements, and it is often considered that he merely rents the space to the advertiser to put in what he pleases, provided the matter is not illegal, indecent or libelous; but publishers are waking up to the fact that they have a higher duty to perform. Many influences have been at work in recent years to improve the standard of newspaper advertising. The Associated Ad. Clubs are entitled to credit for their efforts in bringing publishers to a realization of their responsibility in this respect.

The rapid changes in advertising copy which have been brought about since my entrance in the business are worthy of note. In the beginning, advertising announcements of business concerns were merely matter-of-fact reading notices or cards similar to the present legal notice, set in small type, informing the public that a certain merchandise could be purchased at such and such a place. Later the advertiser made use of what is called stud-horse type, and he employed circus-like exaggeration of language to call attention to his wares. As the science progressed attractive types, pretty borders, artistic illustrations, and snappy descriptive matter, came more and more into use, and prices, in prominent figures, were relied upon to draw trade. At present most of the advertisements appearing in the better class of publi-

cations are real works of art, designed to please the eye, hold the attention and to bring results.

The following contract form was intended to serve as a "take-off," but it does not greatly exaggerate the nerve evidenced by many advertisers who reap big harvests from cheaply-bought newspaper publicity:

"ADVERTISING CONTRACT.

"Elixir of Youth Company:

"Dear Sirs—We hereby agree to publish your advertisement in the center of the first page of each edition of our paper, having no other advertisement thereon, filling up the page with the latest and most attractive telegraph news of the day. We have just refused to renew contracts for 370,000 agate lines from seventy-eight advertisers who have been with us for 100 years, and who have paid for all of their ads. in advance, and who did not ask us to advertise in their catalogues or directories and who never tried to sell us any ink, type, mailing machines or labor saving devices of any kind.

"We agree to send you proof each day of your ad. as inserted on the front page of our paper, a consideration accorded to no other advertiser than yourselves. This, in connection with the foregoing, should convince you that we are not making any other contract at anywhere as low a figure as the price named for yours, the same being just one-half the price charged our lowest patron.

"We agree to send you as many copies of the paper as you desire for yourself or for your friends, and at the end of the year, when you desire to make up your books prior to settlement, shall be glad to express to you our files, that you may compare same with papers sent out from time to time, and all ads. that are not put in the part of the paper that you think would be most advantageous, shall be deducted from your bill.

"We agree to refuse to print the advertisement of any other firm who shall offer copy touching on a preparation that is in any way competitive to yours, and shall refuse to insert the advertisements or deliver the paper by carrier even when paid for, to any druggist who shall refuse to carry your goods in stock in gross lots. We guarantee that the advertising in our paper shall create for you a demand from which you will sell twenty-five times the number of dollars worth of goods that your advertising costs in our paper.

"Should you desire annual passes to the theatres, race tracks, street

fairs and national conventions held in our city, or any other city hard by, we shall deem it a special favor if you allow us to furnish same to you with our compliments.

"We agree to procure for you at least twenty-five testimonials each week from governors, presidents and others of high degree, each of whom has taken every other preparation known to suffering humanity and tried every doctor without success, and who was finally cured by reading your advertisement and buying a bottle of your medicine.

"Kindly let us know as soon as is convenient how much transportation you and your friends and families can use over the railroad, steamship, interurban and stage lines in the United States, Canada, Philippine Islands and Missouri, that we may furnish you with sufficient mileage.

"We agree to run a full page free for every six inches of display advertising that you shall give us at the schedule rates, and agree to renew this contract each year for ten years at a lower rate than named herein.

"You may furnish us mental copy, the thought being sufficient. We shall weave the words and illustrations, which we believe will be more convenient to you than to have plates or mats prepared, or even to write the ad.

"Advertising not in accordance with this contract shall be run for you at nothing per inch, position requested; payable semi-annually as used, it being understood that you will use during one year from the date of your first insertion, at least 10,000 inches, you to furnish copy and keep us supplied with schedule giving date of insertions of your ads. during the year, we to put you on the mailing list at once.

"

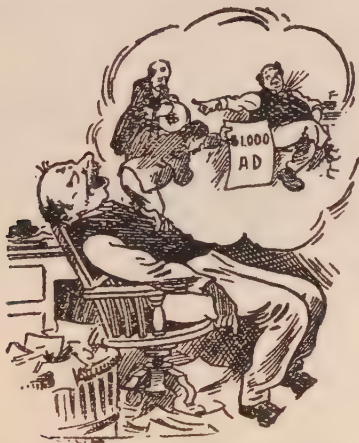
"City.....

"Paper.....

The fellow who makes you "real mad" is the one who has written for your advertising rates, and upon receiving them and finding them higher than he expected, sarcastically replies that he did not want to buy your paper, but only wanted a little space in it. He thinks he has said something smart.

The advertisements of the little retail store are sometimes prosy and common-place, but I remember one enterprising user of space whose mind, or that of his ad. writer, always rose above the ordinary. I do not see how he contained himself in a sordid grocery store, as he was ever reverting to rhyme. He liked his

name, for he rhymed everything with it, which was Kime, we will say. He printed a great many classical effusions, something like



Tickled Over Making a Fat Advertising Contract.

the following, often getting his poetical feet mixed up with the groceries in the most comical fashion:

KIME'S RHYMES.

Kime always keeps a'hustling for your dime,
 Eight bars of soap for a quarter all the time;
 Remember us when you're in need of lime,
 Or Fletcher's coffee, which is superfine,
 As will be demonstrated February nine;
 Let everybody have a cup with Kime.

Some sordid people do not appreciate high class poetry like Kime's and mine, and several subscribers became tired of this continual Kimeing-rhyming. One day one of them sent in this metrical protest:

KIME'S RHYMES.

He should be fined a hundred times
 For perpetrating rotten rhymes.

Some hungry men who like to roar
 Will read the ads. about his store,
 And then go out upon the street
 And vomit all the food they eat.
 If I were an adept in crime
 I'd smash the face of this man Kime.

IT HAS COME!



GEO. H. HYDE, OPP. STATE HOUSE,

Will Tell You All About It

Reprint of an early type of the display advertisement which appeared in the Gazette 45 years ago. It is the advt. of a hatter.

In the days before we put the ban on matrimonial ads. many surprising appeals were sent in for those columns. Here is an odd sample:

HELP! HELP! HELP!

"A POOR WIDOW IN LOVE AND TROUBLE.—Will the man that stopped here four or five years ago and proposed

to me please come back, as I've decided I could love you. I have forgotten name, but I am hunting the cattle man on his way from Idaho to New Orleans. Will some one knowing of such a person communicate with me at once, as my heart is breaking to find him. If the man sees this, please come ripping and staving. Mrs. —, Stamps, Ark."

The little classified ads. have become a very important and a decidedly interesting feature of the newspaper. The Wanted columns frequently contain ads. that have human interest stories back of them. Here is what I imagined I saw in one the other day:

A WANT AD.

Wanted—By a man of modest fame,
Small bank account, high social aims,
Who has not sullied his good name
Through drunken routs or poker games,
Attractive room with bath attached,
In some sequestered home, refined,
In which a man who long has batched
True hospitality may find.

He will not mind if there's a child,
Canary, cat, or guinea pigs,
But swearing parrots set him wild
And giddy girls with periwigs,
Who start Jazz tunes at six, a. m.
He would by no means tolerate;
While waltzes played at twelve p. m.
He could not but abominate.

A love of nature, simple tastes,
Rouse longings for a shady tree,
Green plants and vines to cheer the wastes,
And other pretty things to see
On stairway or around the door;
A pink-cheeked maid would help along
On Sunday afternoons that bore,
For he loves women and their song.

Nothing pretentious is required—
Merely some little, home-like place,

Such as yourself some time desired,
 If you have loved fair nature's face—
 A small white house, with colored blinds,
 Set back a piece from noiseless street,
 Whose atmosphere the spirit binds
 And makes life's melody more sweet.

—W-56, *Care Journal*.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

Did you step from a daguerreotype
 Of a hundred years ago,
 Before the autos claimed the streets,
 And life was kind-a slow?

Were any answers possible
 To this romantic pine,
 The editor would gulp them down,
 Including hook and line.

The ads. provide a lot of needs
 For which dear people sigh,
 But heaven's not among the things
 A Wanted ad. can buy.

The Classified columns of a newspaper often contain amusing inversions of words and other mix-ups of language, as well as bad punctuation, which make the adlets say things that were not intended. For example:

FOR SALE—A baby buggy; going out of business and leaving the city. 212 W. 30th St.

WANTED—A first class colored wagon cook. Apply 1811 West 16th.

FOR SALE—A table, by a lady with mahogany legs. 210 E. 89th St., City.

BEST CASH PRICES PAID for all kinds of second-hand furniture, moving and storage. Phone Main 327.

WANTED, TO BUY—A violin and outfit for beginner in good condition. Call Woodlawn 8002.

FOR SALE—White iron bed; also baby-walker leaving the city; must sell. Call Main—.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished room for a lady modern; Apply 314 — St.

FOR SALE—Jersey cow, giving 3 gals. of milk a day, a sewing machine and table linen. X-43 —.

A concern on Josef Boulevard, Budapest, which was looking for *fashionable* daily newspapers in America, got the verbs and other parts of speech misplaced in the English of its letter, when it wrote:

"The intention we have our fine arts goods to announce on the insertion organs of your city.

"As the addresses the journals of are unknown for us, our address we request kindly by telephone you mention by the fashionable daily of your city newspapers, and them authorize the rates advertising to send.

"Us freely in similar cases command, and beforehand our thanks accept."

There is no scarcity of people who want to defraud the publisher out of advertising. The most ingenious propositions are put out to try to catch the gullible newspaper man. One concern sends out a proposition to send a machine, valued at \$25, for a check for \$10 and \$15 in advertising at regular rates, and agreeing as a further consideration to take further advertising on an all-cash basis "if this trial proves to be a puller."

Another manufacturer, doesn't ask for any cash payment, but generously offers to send a \$10 article for a like amount of advertising.

Still another wants to place business, and pay for the space by a percentage of the sales which it creates.

The mails are full of circular letters soliciting the insertion of reading notices, in the guise of news matter, in regard to products, which the manufacturers promise will be advertised "in your columns later on." "Later on" is too indefinite, even though

there was any reason for inserting the propoganda readers or any guarantee that the promise would be respected.

The well-informed publisher has cut an eye-tooth and is too smart to be gulled.

There are advertisers who are still under the impression that the editorial department of an influential newspaper can be controlled or bribed with a good-sized contract, and will venture to ask the publisher to stipulate that "nothing shall be printed which is any way antagonistic to the advertiser." Of course, such a clause is stricken out of a contract by every self-respecting publisher.

The resourceful advertising agents have also developed numerous ways of imposing on the newspaper. A leading agency recently sent out a letter in which it promised to forward a juicy advertising schedule, provided the publisher was in a receptive mood in regard to what is called advertising promotion co-operation, or in other words, would undertake to assist the agency in performing work for which it was probably paid. Among the questions propounded in this connection were the following:

"1. Will you send letters and broadsides to all dealers, announcing the advertising campaign?

"2.—Will you furnish route lists for all lines of dealers?

"3. Will you furnish one or more men to work with salesmen, or crew, giving proper introductions to dealers and assist in sales work?

"4. Will you arrange for and secure window and counter displays?

"5.—Will you arrange to give a sales talk to the department or sales people about the merits of the product to be advertised, in an effort to secure their co-operation?"

The uninitiated would be surprised to learn the true inside of some business transactions.

At a get-together meeting of newspaper men, advertising men

and manufacturers, held at Kansas City some months before this writing, the advertising men were told by the publishers that they were attempting to work a free-horse to death; that the honest newspaper was selling space at low rates, and thus providing a service entirely apart from merchandising.



CHAPTER XXII.

THE ESTEEMED SUBSCRIBER.—THE NEWSPAPER, THE GOAT—THE FIELD REPRESENTATIVE—THE OFFICE PUNSTER.

WHILE the chief revenue of a newspaper must come from its advertising columns, the ability to obtain and hold this advertising is largely due to the character and extent of its circulation, although it is then necessary to go after it intelligently.

The elusive subscriber is what every paper has to hustle for, and in these days of great competition all kinds of inducements have been offered and schemes resorted to by many publishers to boost circulation. The scarcity and costliness of print paper, since the war, has slowed up to some extent the mad efforts of publishers to extend their circulations, but in years gone by prizes premiums, guessing and voting contests have been used in efforts to capture subscribers. I have tried all these plans, but the best way to build up a circulation, and the only way to hold it, is to provide a paper so good as to make it a necessity to the reader.

When the subscriber is landed, he often wants to tell the publisher how to conduct the paper, and it is as easy to invent perpetual motion as to try to please all of the dear public. No other enterprise is subject to so much criticism, because every act of the newspaper comes under the scrutiny of the public eye. Charles Dudley Warner once wrote that there were scattered through the land many persons who were unable to pay for a newspaper, he was sorry to say, but he had never heard of one who was unable to edit one. Opie Read replied to this witticism by saying that Mr. Warner was wrong; that there was on that particular day a man in Arkansas who was unable to edit a newspaper—but he had died the day before.

One trouble the editor has is to satisfy people who want

news withheld which in some way reflects on them or has a bearing on their business and private affairs. A certain dignitary quit speaking to me and fell out with the entire force of the newspaper because the editorial department could not be persuaded by His Majesty or his friends to omit mention of a street fight in which his Royal Nibs was mixed up. The editor rightly contended that the bigger the man, the more important the item, and that it could not be overlooked. I had no more to do with the publication of the item than the man in the moon, but the offended Big Ike blamed everybody connected with the establishment for the publicity given him. The newspaper man is always the goat.

THE NEWSPAPER GOAT.

There are goats that get the garbage, paper goats,
Tin-can goats, and goats that eat the weeds;
Also lucky ones that feed on hay and oats.
But the goat that gets the blame, our pity needs,
Is the one that in newspaper plants is found.
His uneven path's beset with many snares,
For no matter what mistakes in things abound,
They berate the press for all the bad affairs.

Old Man Public sits in judgment, loud he blames the papers all—
If a plague spreads he will baste them; if there's famine he will yawl;
H. C. L. is climbing ever, and he crams that down the throat
Of the writers, poor old scribblers, who are always made the goat.

"Profiteering," Old Man Public shouts in rage,
"If the jelly-fish-like papers had some spine,
They would stop it," and he shakes the daily page.
When sensations fill the columns, there's a whine,
"Yellow, yellow!" cries the public. Then again,
Should the sheet neglect to use a story grim;
"It's afraid to tell the truth," says Public, then;
"This newspaper's run by graft," he bawls with vim.

Old Man Public sits in judgment; loud he blames the daily sheet
If the day is hot or wet, or there's a sudden drop in wheat;
If the printed story differs from the gossip, how he gloats;
Oh, the poor newspaper scribblers! They are always made the goats!

If the dear subscriber does not really insist on telling the publisher how to run the paper, he often, when the editor is crowding out live news for want of space, insists on jumping on somebody hard, without signing his name. Old friends, "Pro Bono Publico," "Vox Populi," "Veritas," "Subscriber," "Citizen," "Fair Play," "Constant Reader," "Inquirer," and others, too numerous to mention, have filled many columns of valuable space.

There are those who do not think that the province of the newspaper ends with giving the news and answering all sorts of inquisitive questions. Some would use it as a vehicle through which to vent their personal spleens. Of course, everybody can not agree, by a great deal, as to what the policy of a certain sheet should be on any particular question. One man grumbles because it defends a certain principle, and the next one thinks it is not pronounced enough in the stand it has taken on the same matter. One fellow wants to lambast some other one and becomes angry because he is not allowed to do so. Another thinks the water company, the gas company, or the street railway company, and perhaps all three of these public utility companies, should be "roasted," while his neighbor is willing to admit that they are serving the public well. These are simply examples of thousands of complaints and criticisms that daily demand the attention of the newspaper man, who is certainly supposed, if not always disposed, to help to regulate the universe; but who, like the weather man, cannot do his work to suit the caprices of unreasonable man.

The critics are innumerable, and anonymous letter writers are ever ready to stab some one in the back through the newspaper. One day the Gazette carried a news item about a man who had just woke up after having been in a trance for three years. The headline read, "An Arkansan wakes up after being asleep for three years." A soldier at Camp Pike, who probably came from the north and had imbibed the popular falacy that Arkansas people are a little slow, cut out the item, wrote over the top of it,

"Thank God, one of 'em woke up," and sent it in anonymously to the editor.

There are some subscribers whom the fool-killer ought to get. For instance, one man wrote:

"I failed to get my paper last week. Please write me what's in it."

Another handed the editor this complimentary package.

"Please stop by paper at *onst*. It's too rotten for pantry shelf paper."

Here's a peacherina, in the Josh Billings style of phonetic spelling:

"Lima, Ark., Jan. 1, 1920.

"Mister editor: Sum tyme in Decembur I prescribed fer yure papur—i received 2 kopies, and then yu Discontinoard it Without me noin. nuthin erbout it. has it fell thru, or did it dye in the elecsun. has the editur been mobbed by the Davis men, or what the h—l is the mattur withe hime. i wantş yer ter suply the Missin. numbers or sende me mi munie. Send me a pictur of Jeff Davis.

"As ever yure friende,

M. Q. L."

The following is from a born humorist:

"Greenbrier, Ark., Jan. 14, 1920.

"Ark. Gazette:

"My dear Old Lady—About three weeks ago, I married you for another year, paying three dollars for the license, and nary a time have you visited me. Of course, you are a hundred years old, but in the prime of your life and usefulness. So, come along, or there will be a divorce suit."

E. L. P."

Here is a consoling kind of a missive:

"Stop my paper. I am getting more papers than I can read."

He never thinks of stopping some of the others, instead of

yours. This kind of an unappreciative cuss generally receives a letter suggesting that he discontinue some of the others—the inferior papers, which he is receiving, and continue to take “the State’s leading, oldest and largest, which he is compelled to have to keep up with current affairs,” etc., but when a man decides to stop his paper, it is hard to convince him of the error of his way through correspondence.

“Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these”—to the newspaper man—“stop my paper.”

Here is the word which was received one day from a postmaster: “Gents: Bill Smith’s paper should be stopped. He is dead, and did not leave his forwarding address.”

And here is a similar one:

“Daniel Stephenson doesn’t get his paper at this office any more. He is dead. Shall I send it to the Dead Letter Office?”—P. M.”.

An appreciative, but moneyless man, sent in this bewhiskered chestnut:

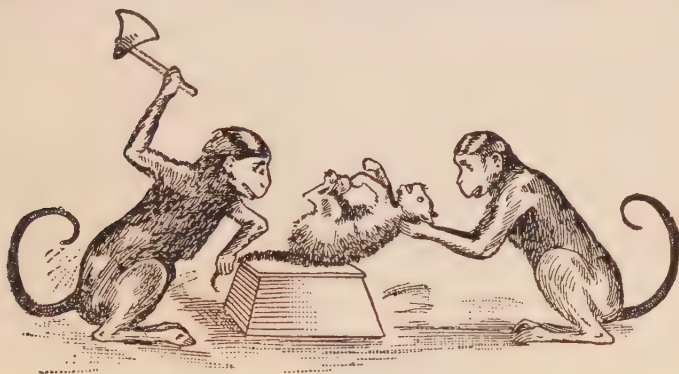
“Don’t stop my paper, printer,
Don’t strike my name off yet;
You know that times are close,
And dollars hard to get.”

Most newspapers have men out in the field to solicit subscriptions and straighten out kinks. Such a representative of our paper, named Phil McHenry, after years of service, became decrepit from rheumatism, but he was lucky to have a spunky wife, who successfully took his place on the road and made a living for the family. She won the sympathy of the office, because like “The Wife,” in Irving’s Sketchbook—“Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly arise in mental force to be comforter and support of her husband under misfor-

tune, and, abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity."

L. S. Dunaway is the envy of all subscription men in the southern territory. He has a great spiel or rigmarole, which he recites to gain the attention of the victim when he approaches him for an order. It goes something like this, with the frills:

"Let me put you down for the ———. To make a long tale short, it gives you all the general and State news, market reports, court decisions, weather predictions, crop prospects, political items, personal gossip, war intelligence, baseball and racing events, etc. It will keep you posted. What's your address?"



Making a Long Tail (Tale) Short.

"Oh, I don't want the paper," the besieged replies, "I wouldn't let my yellow dog sleep on it."

"Come, now, you are too prominent a man not to take your leading paper. It will tell you all about the high cost of living, the Legislature, Congress, the anti-trust law, the North and South railroad, boodling in the Legislature, the State Fair, and everything you want to know."

"No, it ain't my politics; I ain't got much time to read, no way."

But Dunaway is insistent, and he persists further by telling him that he will take the subscription in "chittlings, cheese, wool socks, sawdust, prunes, potatoes, persimmons, cordwood, possum-hunting, preaching, fishing, foot-racing, money, marbles or chalk."

The poor fellow sees that there is no use in resisting; he succumbs to the inevitable, and impatiently interrupts the harangue by handing Dunaway a greasy half dollar, telling him to send the paper as long as that will pay for.

He is then enrolled on the list, and if he ever gets off, it is because Dunaway is unable to locate him. It is sometimes necessary to resort to the popular procedure of getting out an injunction to get some papers stopped after you have once subscribed for them; but Dunaway says it is not necessary with his paper, as the people cannot do without it, and the children cry for it, as they are said to do for one of the remedies advertised in its columns—Castoria.

Mr. Dunaway, by the way, like most great men, has a fad. It consists of acquiring all sorts of wild animals, and, especially peculiar zoological specimens, for a private menagerie which he maintains at his home, at Conway.

One day he procured a rare prize in a young alligator, which delighted his heart. Charlie Davis, the alleged poet and would-be-humorist of the staff, wrote a news story about it in a humorous vein, presuming somewhat on the circulator's good nature. He spoke of him as "Dr. L. Sharpe Dunaway, D. D. (Doctor of Dickering)," and vowed that Dunaway had secured the alligator by swapping a three-months' subscription to the Gazette for it; that he was disappointed in not being able to have the postoffice receive it as a parcels post shipment, but that the thing that troubled him most was his "inability to decide whether a baby 'gator is called a cub, a pup, or a gosling."

A later item announced that "Dr." Dunaway had added a "nanny" wolf to his zoo, and that the considerations in the dicker

for the specimen were six months' worth of the daily Gazette and three cash dollars, the animal to be delivered f. o. b. Tulsa, Okla., and shipped from there to Conway via parcels post." According to Mr. Davis, however, the newspaper-circulator-naturalist discovered that "passel" post is a poor way to ship a wolf, as "there were \$3.80 C. O. D. charges on the original package, and \$122.87 damage claims filed by the various railway postal clerks, expressmen, news butchers and porters, due and payable when the wolf and the fragments of the container arrived."

"Within a few days," continued Mr. Davis, "the Doc. is going to put out a curb trading-list—so many Gazettes for so much of a certain animal; but if the Doc. doesn't kick in with that country ham he has been promising his biographer every time he mooches a nice little write-up in these columns, he is going to get no more free puffs."

Robert J. Brown, another traveling man, tells of an amusing experience with a kindly disposed customer in an inland town. Mr. Brown was engaged in the laudable work of writing up the town for the paper, and was soliciting subscriptions for extra copies. After taking orders for from 100 to 500 copies each from a number of persons, he called on the richest man in the town. When the project was explained, this gentleman took Brown warmly by the hand, and, congratulating him, said:

"Yes, I am glad you are engaged in this work; we need it, and I am glad to help it along. You may put me down for a copy."

"How many copies did you say—one hundred?"

"No, one copy," replied the gentleman.

"You don't mean that you want only one copy?"

"Yes, that's all I can read."

"Well, but don't you want to send some away to your friends, or to prospective settlers?"

"I can borrow Jim Jones' copy to read and send my copy out if I can think of anybody to send it to."

And with the utmost seriousness, the best of intentions and evident good-will, he slowly and deliberately drew a whole nickel from his long jeans pocket and handed it over to the astonished newspaper man, apparently thinking that he was doing the proper and a generous thing."

"Thank you very much," said Mr. Brown, "if all would come up as promptly and as handsomely as you, I would have no trouble in getting up enough business to make my work encouraging to myself and profitable to the paper. Good-day, sir."

For a number of years, E. O. Bagley, an exceptionally bright and clever gentleman, who, incidentally, has charge of the Gazette's city circulation, has been connected with that paper in the capacity of chief punster. He is the most confirmed punster I ever knew, and he has become so thoroughly addicted to the bad habit of punning that his case seems to be absolutely hopeless. Various kinds of treatment have been proposed for him, including change of climate, but to no avail. Punning ever goes merrily on in his department, and he appears to have no desire to lead a better life. Nothing comes up or goes on but what Ed's ever-ready pun is immediately forthcoming.

If I had the time to do so, and were not so seriously inclined. I would write a book on the subject of "Fun in a Printing Office."

The hurry and bustle of bringing out a morning paper is exciting, and occasionally, exasperating. In this connection, here is Mr. Bagley's definition of Chaos, as expressed one day when the paper was late in coming from the press:

"The press is late in starting up. Twenty-five anxious carriers are waiting and clamoring for papers in order that they may get through early, and the papers are not forthcoming. Fifty white newsboys are begging earnestly for enough papers to supply their regular customers. Seventy-five to eighty negro boys are yelling at the top of their voices for papers. Everybody is talking or swearing at once. Small armfuls of papers are being

handed up through the paper chutes, but not rapidly enough to supply the demand. The newsboys become more impatient and restless, and cannot be made to understand why they cannot be supplied at once. It is necessary to 'fire out' about forty of them, to preserve some kind of order. Anxious subscribers all over the city are being told over the 'phones that 'the paper is a little late, but will be there in a few minutes,' but it is impossible to make good the promise when the paper is still in the white roll. Six o'clock arrives. White newsboys, black newsboys, belated carriers, and impatient callers for their papers, all waiting, and the 'phones have to be plugged to assist in quieting confusion.

"That's chaos."

The newsboy is a character that is worth studying. He is often a little, dirty-faced, rag-tailed gutter-snipe, but he goes here, there and everywhere. His contact with people makes him alert. If he is quick-witted, he learns business methods and gains experience that starts him off successfully in the world of trade. Many prominent men started as newsboys, and I am told that the superintendents of the newsboys in some of the larger cities draw salaries as high as \$5,000 and \$10,000 a year. The selling of newspapers has, indeed, become almost a profession.

One day there blew into the city an itinerant newsboy, named Jack Lloyd, who has sold papers on the streets of almost every big city, and who follows fairs, the unusual events that are pulled off in various parts of the country, and who never misses the opening of a new oil field. He obtained a contract to organize and, as he called it, educate the newsboys. His leather-lunged voice, crying the paper, was soon heard all over the city.

THE KING OF THE NEWSBOYS.

Jack Lloyd, the newsboy, came to town,
All smiles and jolly capers;
Says he, "I yell and act the clown,
Because it helps sell papers.

"I'm known all 'round, from coast to coast,
As Jack, the King of Newsboys,
And though I never, never boast,
I can outsell the Jews, boys."

So bright and early on the streets,
While some folks dress by taper,
With leather-lungs, each man he meets
He asks to buy a paper.

He says it takes a lot of noise,
And likewise some invention,
To make the kind of paper boys
That gain the world's attention.

"In waking hours," says he, "I keep
Dispensing these world-shapers,
And, when, tired out, I fall asleep,
To dream I'm selling papers."

The timid newsies stand no show
Against the hustling stranger,
They are too everlasting slow
To match this nickel-changer.

Awake, asleep, he cries aloud,
"Here is your morning paper,"
And when he dies he wants a shroud
Made of a big newspaper."

A paper is a little thing
That sells for but a song,
Yet Jack's grown rich, a newsboy king,
Through pushing it along.

And if in heaven he cannot sell
The "Morning Glory" paper,
He says he'll leave and go to h—l,
With paper men to caper.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEWSPAPER BEATS, JOKES AND BLUNDERS.

THE newspaper is not only subject to severe criticism from its constituents, but it is a sort of a public football, to be cuffed and kicked about. Everybody reads it, and would not do without it, but they do not always give it its due, or properly respect the feelings of the men who make it. It is public property, and subject to be cussed and discussed by all. Some fear it, but if they can get it for nothing, impose on it for a free advertisement, or play a joke on it, they seem to have no compunctions of conscience about doing so.

Speaking of jokes, one night a "special" was received by the Gazette to the effect that, in excavating an old mound near Malvern, a lot of wonderful things were unearthed, among them, I suppose, a fossil icythyosaurus or two, but especially mentioning an old earthen pot, bearing an inscription which the correspondent said was Latin. The item appeared to be genuine, 'though the pretended inscription did look like "hog Latin," and, with appropriate head-lines, was printed in a prominent place on the first page. In a day or two the office began to hear from it. It developed that a practical joker, who is supposed to have been a railroad man named Doty, had put up a job on the telegraph editor, who bit like an easy mark. Attention was called to the fact that a proper arrangement of the letters in the ingeniously pretended inscription spelled a line in English which rendered it a horrible thing to print in a respectable newspaper. Presumably, the hoaxer had posted some of his friends, who passed the word around, for hardly could anybody have figured out the proper solution of the wording by casually reading the story, when it had passed the eagle eye of the telegraph editor. The story traveled to Little Rock and all over the State. It caused a deal

of merriment among the vulgar-minded, at the paper's expense. Other papers have been imposed upon by similar fakes.

I am reminded by the foregoing of a joke which was cruelly perpetrated on our "reptilian contemporary" (the epithet is used in a kindly spirit, as that was the affectionate manner in which the editor of that paper referred to his newspaper brethren). That paper reduced its price on the street from five to two cents the copy, and was doing a great deal of blowing about it. Besides hiring imported newsboys to shout the fact through megaphones, it printed two columns of interviews each day, full of gushing praise for self-styled enterprise and liberality. A well known wag, who had become tired of reading these testimonials, sent the publisher a pretended boost in the form of verse, arranged as an acrostic, commending the paper fulsomely, but the first letter of each line, when read from top to bottom, contradicted the remainder of it, as it read, "THESE ARE DAM LIES." The acrostic was loaded, so to speak, but the Democrat people fell for the snare, as it was printed in a preferred position. Manager Mitchell, who was seldom caught napping, is reported to have said, when he sent it back to the composing room, that it was rotten poetry, but the spirit of it was all right. Yet there was that little venom hidden in the package of sweet compliments. The Democrat printed no more testimonials.

I am also reminded of two jokes which the same paper played on itself. A circus was billed to show its mammoth aggregation of wonders in Little Rock on a certain autumnal day, when cotton was beginning to come in and money was plentiful. The Democrat had put in type and printed the usual elaborate write-up of the parade which the show had advertised to give at noon before the afternoon of the appearance of that day's issue of the paper. In the case of circuses, the gentlemanly and accommodating press representatives furnish printed notices in advance. This saves the paper trouble, and the show people are compen-

sated by receiving a better notice than would be obtained if the paper were left to write what it chose. The notice of the parade read nicely, and probably would have been as truthful as most descriptions of circus parades are, but in this instance the circus train had been derailed and delayed en route, and no parade or exhibition took place on that day. Therefore, the Democrat was put in a hole.

The editor of the Gazette took advantage of the situation to poke a little fun at the afternoon paper. He did it in excellent style, quoting amusingly some of the extravagant language applied to the spectacle, which, he wrote, paraded only through the columns of the Democrat—"the big elephants shuffling along, holding each other's tails, as cutely as could be." The incident naturally occasioned laughter.

The other incident occurred when the Democrat, unintentionally, printed the President's message to Congress before it was released—and one day before it was delivered. (The President's message and other public documents of general interest, as most people know, are usually furnished to newspapers in advance, to be released by wire.) The Democrat got in a "scoop" on every other newspaper in the country, and was doubtless thought to be very enterprising by some of its readers, but the mistake obliged it to pay a heavy fine to the Associated Press for the violation of the confidence reposed in it when the printed copy was furnished, and the owners had to call on President Roosevelt to exonerate them, in order to save their press privilege.

In the year 1911 the Heiskells and I bought the above-mentioned Democrat, and we played with it for two years, when we sold it to its present owners. The editor during that time was my friend, Clio Harper. I occasionally tried my hand at writing editorial paragraphs for him, and that bad habit got me into trouble one day. I wrote an editorial in regard to a public question which Harper printed. It caused an investigation by the

Grand Jury, which demanded the name of its author. I was connected with another paper, and it would have been extremely embarrassing to me to have had to acknowledge and take the responsibility for the article. Mr. Harper saved me from the exposure.

One night a well known gentlemen called at the office with another person whom he introduced as John McCormack, the famous tenor. The stranger resembled McCormack. He was somewhat under the influence of liquor. Upon being asked what he was doing in that part of the country, he replied that he was motoring to Hot Springs, where he was to be joined by his wife, who was traveling by railroad, and that he had stopped off at Little Rock for a day. His sponsor whispered to a reporter that Mr. McCormack was traveling incognito; but the presence of such a celebrity was too important to be passed over lightly. He was induced to sing a song, and he sang one of McCormack's favorites, entitled "Until," in a magnificent voice. Having been introduced by a well-known citizen, and speaking glibly of matters so well known in connection with the star whom he impersonated, his identity was not questioned. Many other notables had visited the city, and there was no reason why Mr. McCormack should not do so. A stock cut of McCormack was taken out of the morgue, and an interview with the singer accompanied it in the next issue.

"Genial, John McCormack, internationally famous tenor, who has been in Little Rock for the past two days," said the news item, "will be joined today by Mrs. McCormack and will proceed to Hot Springs, where he will spend a few weeks.

"Although traveling incognito, Mr. McCormack has been recognized many times during his brief stay in Little Rock, and last night, in the Gazette office, at the insistent request of friends and admirers, he sang his favorite song, 'Until.'

"Mr. McCormack came to Little Rock from Columbus, Ga.,

by automobile, and will continue his journey to Hot Springs when joined by his wife."

The next morning the city was agog over the supposed visit of the distinguished Irishman. But, it was discovered by the afternoon newspaper that the man was an imposter. John McCormack was enjoying himself at his country home near Norton, Conn.

"Even the blase ears of the sage denizens of a morning newspaper office are not impervious to the hypnotic spell of music—the pastime of the gods," commented the afternoon paper, and continuing, said: "Possibly the hot, stuffy night had something to do with it, but be that as it may, the sweet clear notes of 'Until,' sung late Friday night or early Saturday morning by a convivial stranger, produced a strange and complete hallucination upon the entire staff of the morning paper, reputed to be a staid and conservative publication. So vivid was the hypnotic effect produced that readers at the breakfast table over their coffee were amazed and delighted to learn that John McCormack, the internationally famous tenor, whom presidents and kings are proud to rank as their friend, was a visitor, and had honored the fagged and weary editorial staff with a delightful little private recital."

The feeling between the makers of rival newspapers at times becomes intense. When another Sunday newspaper came to compete with the Gazette, with its second issue, a newsboy woke up one of the owners and editors of the Gazette by singing on his doorstep an obnoxious song, extolling the merits of the other paper. The newspaper man naturally supposed that the publisher of the other paper intended to annoy him, and he was severe in his denunciation of him for it, but it developed that the rival paper had nothing to do with it; a friend had put up a job on him, by paying the newsboy to sing the song, which he wrote for him.

Newspaper controversies, like disputes among individuals, will bob up. I have seen many scraps of this kind, and some of them have been highly amusing.

THE GREAT WAR

BETWEEN THE HOG-WASH JOURNAL AND THE SCANDAL-MONGER'S TRIBUNE

Two editors, with fiery eyes,
Were at each other glaring;
They penned indictments and defies
Like diplomats preparing
Their people for a war with swords
That might disrupt the nation, ,
Instead of one of harmless words,
Provoked by emulation.

Impersonal though it outstands,
A paper's made by human hands.

One made a thrust that struck with awe
His proud contemporary;
A quick retort stuck in the craw
Of his hot adversary:—
"Yours is a filthy hog-wash sheet"—
Affirmed one irate daily.
"And yours a scandal-monging cheat,"
Replied the other, gayly.

War formally was then declared,
And for grim battle each prepared.

One side discharged a fusillade
Of little paper bullets,
Which drew a furious cannonade
That scared the neighbors' pullets;
The sky took on a lurid cast,
As fiercer grew the fighting,
And every editorial blast
Made things still more exciting.

It seemed the devil was to pay
In this deplorable affray.

With typical and rapt delight
Each publisher's disciples
Encouraged this black, inky fight,
All brought about by trifles;

With "sick 'em, Lige," they egged them on
To use assaults more bitter;
Although tired of it, neither one
Liked to be called a quitter.

The editor, like women, must,
The last word have, or simply bust.

They used up every naughty word
In Webster's Dictionary,
When both concluded it absurd,
If not illusionary,
To wage a bloodless war like this,
For other folks' diversion,
So they made up, and with a kiss,
Each took back all aspersion.

Now all is lovely and serene
Around this journalistic scene.

On December 25, 1921, a number of daily newspapers printed, together with the pictures of the principals, an unusual story, which was rather too good to be true. It was to the effect that "James W. Hathaway" of Boston had married Miss Louise Aechter, of Somerville, Mass., and that the couple had lived *as man and wife* in a lodging house for two weeks, the "wife" never learning that her husband was a woman until "he" was about to be arrested on a larceny charge, when "he" resisted being taken into custody, and exclaimed to the policeman, "Would you strike a woman?" An investigation proved that the "husband" really was a female.

Some time in 1897, there appeared in the Gazette an article and picture which startled, or, at least, was enough to startle, the entire world of scientists, naturalists and zoologists. This was Elbert Smithee's Gowroy story, illustrated by Elmer Burrus, an expert chalk-plate artist, who was then illustrating the daily issues of the paper, caricaturing the legislative members, and otherwise livening up things with his celebrated specimens of high art.

(This was before the present newspaper half-tones came into use). Elbert, a talented writer, had a commercial traveling friend, named William Miller, who had been in the wild and woolly regions of Northwest Arkansas. Miller brought back with him the tail—no, the tale— of a wonderful animal which he said had been killed up there. It was like unto nothing that had ever been seen on land or in sea before. He and Elbert talked about it—over a lemonade. Elbert went out with the boys that night, and, after taking another lemonade or soda and smoking a cigar, wrote up the yarn, drawing profusely on a vivid imagination, warmed and enlivened with good fellowship, to develop any material or



Elbert Smithee's Gowrow.

immaterial point necessary to embellish it. Then he and the artist got together, and the aforesaid picturegraphist also became enthused over the alleged discovery. The result was that the combined geniuses of the Munchausen-like commercial tourist, the imaginative editor, and the talented artist, inspired by the best at Garibaldi's bar, evolved the picture represented by the accompanying crude illustration and a story which read like a fairy tale. The wonderful animal was denominated the Gowrow, be-

cause it was said to utter a cry sounding like the name when engaged in its terrible work of exterminating whatever live object came across its path. Miller was supposed to have been in Blanco, Calf Creek township, Searcy County, Arkansas, when this horrible monster was nightly slaughtering cattle, horses, hogs, dogs and cats by the wholesale. It had terrorized the community, for those who had seen the ponderous animal were horrified by its hideous shape. Miller organized a posse, armed with shotguns and Winchesters. The tracks of the Gowrow were followed until an enormous cave was found, near a lake. This cave was evidently the home of the animal, as here were found many skeletons, skulls and bones, as well as parts of human flesh of recent victims; but the monster had not returned to its lair. Miller and his posse laid in wait, while trembling in their shoes. Presently the earth swayed as if another San Francisco earthquake were taking place. The waters of the lake began to splash and roar with a noise like the movement of ocean waves, when they realized that the monster was approaching. As it came within range, all hands fired, and, after several volleys were discharged, succeeded in killing it. But it died hard. A couple of huge trees on the bank were lashed down and one of the assailants was killed by it before it breathed its last:

It was stated that the Gowrow was twenty feet in length, had a ponderous head, with two enormous tusks. Its legs were short, terminating in web feet, similar to, but much larger than, those of a duck, and each toe had vicious claws. The body was covered with green scales, and its back bristled with short horns. Its tail was thin and long, and was provided with sharp, bladeliike formations at the end, which it used as a sickle.

It was declared that this animal was a pachyderm, and a combination of the *hyænidæ* and *rhinocerotidæ*; that it had incisor and canine teeth, which apparently showed its relationship to the

ceratorhinus genus, supposed long since to have disappeared from the earth. (Its discoverer was a "peacherina.")

The bones were to be sent to the Smithsonian Institution, but, strange to say, they have never reached there.

It was a great fake, probably without foundation in fact.

The rivalry among newspapers produces some funny situations. A few years ago there was an old blind darkey, named Ben Suggs, who sold papers on the streets of Little Rock. He had a powerful voice and cried his wares as loudly as he could. One evening when he was selling the Evening Democrat, some of the boys told him that he did not pronounce the name right; that it was "Evening Demagog." He believed them, and went up and down the street shouting at the top of his voice, "Here's yo' Enen' Demagogue, five cents." The next morning he was hallooming "Mornin' Gazoot—all about nothin'." The Democrat boys had retaliated.

All remembrance of rivalry was obliterated some time after this, when the plant of the Democrat was wiped out by fire, and the Gazette came to its assistance by printing its paper until a new outfit could be installed.

Newspaper language embraces many colloquial terms which are capable of misconstruction. George W. Gunder once wrote up a certain county official in supposed complimentary terms for the paper. Among other things he said that the officer was "forging ahead rapidly." The subject of the sketch came into the office, all "het up," and wanted to "lick" the man who wrote the item. He declared that some of his constituents, when they read it, were aroused and set about an inquiry; they said if he were a forger, they would see that he was promptly ousted from office and sent to jail; they would not have a *forger* representing them.

Typographical errors, slips of the pencil which the proof-reader fails to catch, and mix-ups in the forms, are likewise the cause of trouble in a newspaper office. A "personal" was handed

in one day, in which it was stated that Mrs. So and So, had sailed for Germany, and that her friends would be sorry to hear of her departure. When printed it read "her many friends will be sorry to hear of her *demise*."

Another personal item about "Mrs. *Frazee* Jones" came out as "Mrs. *Crazee* Jones."

A national bank statement had been sent to the paper for publication. A reporter was requested to make a local notice about it. He referred in complimentary language to the large deposits carried by the bank, and ended the notice by saying that, *by a peculiar coincidence*, the assets and liabilities balanced to a cent, and the notice was so printed, to the consternation of the bank officials.

You know, the intelligent compositor usually follows copy, if it goes out of the window. One day a country correspondent sent in an item which had to be rewritten. The news editor wrote at the bottom of the copy, for the managing editor, "tell this man to learn how to write." The printer set up the comment and the note appeared in the paper at the foot of the item.

Once the foreman got the before-and-after-taking cuts mixed in a quack doctor's advertisement. The patient was shown as having a perfect nose before he went to the specialist, and after treatment his nose was represented as being eaten off. It might have been nearer the truth than was intended at that, but the blunder almost caused a damage suit.

Like all daily newspapers, the Gazette maintains correspondents in every town of importance in the State. In the smaller places, instead of paying the reporters cash for their services, a copy of the paper is sent to them. Most of those correspondents are of course inexperienced, and some of them care little about the authenticity of the matter they send in. Many of them are uneducated, and write a half column about an item which could be told in a dozen words, while on the other hand a really important item will be slighted.

A man lately sent in an account of the supposed wedding of two prominent young people in a certain town; but no such wedding had occurred. It was sent in as a hoax on the couple. It was printed and caused a disturbance. It was a far worse prank on the paper than on the young people. The name of the informant was demanded, he was horsewhipped by relatives of the girl, and a damage suit was narrowly averted by the paper.

Frequently items have been sent in announcing the birth of a son or daughter to Mr. and Mrs. So and So, as pranks, by people who little realized the seriousness of the predicament in which it placed the paper, when it was found that the stork had not made the reported visits. These items now have to come through the city physician or from a reliable correspondent.

One day a cut of a bank in an advertisement got dislodged from its base in stereotyping a page, and consequently the illustration was printed out of alignment in such a way as to show the building leaning to one side. It gave the reader the impression that the institution was not on the level, or was about to fall, which had a particular significance in connection with a financial concern. As usual, the worst possible construction was put on the accident, and a damage suit was threatened. The bank was laughed into good humor by the sending over of the whole advertising crew in a body, the spokesman announcing that the men had been sent over by the printing office to prop up the tottering walls of the building, or cure the bank of the blind-staggers.

The mistakes of the types probably cause more amusement on the inside than on the outside of the newspaper offices.



CHAPTER XXIV.

LIBEL AND DAMAGE SUITS—THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE AN INTELLIGENCE BUREAU.

A NEWSPAPER does not deserve the name until it has experienced the luxury and distinction of defending a few first-class libel and damage suits.

I knew a man who sued a newspaper through an attorney for \$10,000 damages for alleged defamation of character, and it cost the newspaper a thousand dollars to defend the suit, but before it could be decided in court, it was ended by the man being hanged for the crime which the paper had written up, and of which he pretended to be innocent.

Another sued for \$5,000 for fancied misrepresentation, but dismissed the suit upon receiving a retraction through the paper.

In a third case the litigant accepted a check for \$25 in full settlement for a claim for \$10,000, when in his complaint filed in court he averred that the article on account of which the suit was filed was false in every particular, and that every sentence in it contained an untruth which libelled him and was intended, with malice aforethought, to injure him; that it caused him loss of time and lack of employment; that it made him appear ridiculous and contemptible in the sight of good people; that the defendant company had malignantly and purposely pursued him and held him up to scorn; without any cause or excuse, and to his detriment in the large sum named; wherefore he prayed judgment against the paper for the said sum, and for all costs in the action at law and other proper relief.

Pettifogging lawyers are responsible for inducing people to bring more than half the damage suits which annoy newspapers. Some lawyers make their living by suggesting and working up such suits. They encourage clients to sue for large amounts,

because if a verdict is obtained in their favor, the jury is liable to reduce the amount, and the lawyer usually receives one-half of the amount, as a contingent fee. In the case referred to, fifty per cent of the \$25 went to the lawyer.

On account of the printing of the name of the wrong woman, through the mistake of a reporter, in a scandalous story, a check for \$1,500 was promptly paid to the injured person.

The people who would punish their enemies through the vehicle of the newspaper are numerous, and the papers receive more dark hints of other people's misdeeds, real or imaginary, than come before the Grand Juries, but usually these things come to the editor anonymously. People do not understand that rumor cannot be printed with impunity.

Almost daily cards reflecting on someone are offered for publication. Some of them contain epithets of such a character that the party referred to would have just cause for an action if they were printed. The erroneous idea is prevalent that if a party signs his name to the offensive article and pays for its publication, he alone is responsible for it. They overlook the fact that it is not only the making of the statement, but the circulation of it,—or the uttering of it, as the attorneys say, which constitutes the libel.

Among its many useful purposes, the average newspaper office serves as a general intelligence bureau. Not only are its bulletin boards eagerly scanned, but everybody applies there when information is wanted or a dispute is to be settled. Some of the queries fired in by telephone or asked over the counter are truly amusing. Here are some specimens of common questions:

“What is the baseball score?”

“Is there any premium on an 1894 dollar?”

“What is the weight of Dempsey, the pug?”

“How should the president be addressed?”

“Where's the fire?”

"What was the vote in the last election?"

"How old was Mary Ann?"

"Who wrote Virginius?"

"On what day of the week did January 1, 1903, fall?"

"What time does the train go to Pine Bluff?"

Here is a little joke which resulted from the proneness of people to ask questions of the editor, over the telephone:

"Is that the editor?"

"Yes."

"Can you tell me who won the Kentucky Derby?"

"Colonial Girl."

"Who was second?"

"Hermis."

"Who ran third?"

"Don't know."

"Don't Know ran third, eh? Didn't know he was entered."



A General Intelligence Bureau.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LADIES AND THE NEWSPAPER.

I MUST not forget to pay my respects to the better half of human creation. The ladies are valued patrons of the newspaper, many of them swear by their favorite paper, figuratively speaking, and this truthful history, with no reference to their acknowledged merits and surpassing charms would be as incomplete as a concert without music, or a feast without a dessert. The world—the newspaper world, if you please,—without them, would be like a day without its sun, and a bird without its song. God bless the ladies! They are the most assiduous readers of the department store and other ads, which makes business for the papers. Eighty per cent of the store ads are designed for them, for as a rule they expend the family budget.

The gentle sex also furnishes the gossip and the social side which adds spice to the otherwise dull life of the newspaper and every other sphere. The women are mostly a source of pleasure, though sometimes a cause of worry, to the newspaper man. I would not disparage womankind one iota, for I am its friend, in spite of the fact that some women occasionally become possessed with the idea that the public print is conducted for their special and sole benefit.

The ladies are naturally social creatures; they like to see their pictures in the society columns, and Miss Smith and Mrs. Brown largely depend on the newspaper to assist in making their functions successful, by notices announcing the affairs beforehand, and complimentary mention afterward. The paper wants these items. But, in some cases, woe unto the poor newspaper man, or society editress, if a tiny error creeps into the write-up. Or, if something has been omitted, it is difficult to persuade milady that it was not an intentional slight. Then, the foreman or the

make-up man may have placed the notice in an obscure place, by accident, or because it happened to fit in there, and thus a deadly offense has been committed, as of by base design. In a case like this, sometimes the 'phone rings, and the person who answers the call gets politely blessed out, or the circulation man receives an order to "stop my paper," as a result. The complaint will not always be registered at once, but the fair lady nurses her resentment, as she would a sick kitten, until the psychological moment arrives, when, with a burst of long-pent wrath, the arch crime is divulged. Sooner or later, the full punishment is meted out. A woman, amiable in all other respects, can become quite revengeful in regard to these little matters. "I think the paper is right hateful," one will say; and another remarks, "It is real stingy with its old notices," or "that paper never gets anything right."

There is always some worthy charity or "cause that lacks assistance," which certain ladies consider their bounden duty to give attention to. They may expect to pay for the rent of the hall, for the refreshments, the programs, and everything else connected with a charitable entertainment, except the advertising, without which it could hardly be got before the public, and would therefore be a failure. They think a column or two of notices in the paper cost nothing. They seldom understand why a newspaper cannot always afford to devote all the space desired to puff a worthy enterprise, to the exclusion of news and everything else. They forget that advertising is the chief stock in trade of the newspaper. But, after all, perhaps this is a natural mistake, and they should not be blamed.

Advertisements of church entertainments, although in themselves commendable affairs, are looked at askant by advertising men, because one never feels like charging for such advertisements. You cannot afford to give all of them free, and if you charge for one of them, you are perhaps considered the meanest, coldest-hearted white man alive. You'd likely rob your grandmother.

THE VAGARIES OF CHARITY.

Milady, smartly dressed,—
Fine car,—and all the rest,
Goes to the Charity Ball,
Which she promotes this fall.
O, Charity, Sweet Charity!

She knits for the Red Cross,
And gives with careless toss;
She leads in singing psalms,
As well as giving alms.
O, Charity, Sweet Charity!

She spends great sums on gowns,
While on her children frowns,
And portions for a mouse
Doles servants of the house.
O, Charity, Sweet Charity!

She gives, the people say,
Through penchant for display—
Its printed in the press,
With name and street address.
O, Charity, Sweet Charity!

What vagaries we cherish,
The while poor mortals perish;
What sins we do commit
For your sweet benefit.
O, Charity, Sweet Charity!

The accomplished lady musician, the charming elocutionist, the aspiring amateur actress, and the talented artist, all like to have the press sound their praises; and they often adopt the most ingenious methods of gaining the recognition of the pencil-shover. They will smile on him bewitchingly, fawn upon him kindly, appeal to him feelingly, and be sure to make him feel distressed if he does not write them up complementarily. He is horrid if he fails to respond with the coveted flattery.

But, when a great wrong has been done in the community,

when there is a call for someone to perform a work of self-sacrifice, when something worth while deserves commendation, it is the noble heart of womanhood which makes the first response. Nobody knows this better than the newspaper man. And the American woman is queen of the earth.

Reigning without crown or sceptre,
With her wit she matches art;
With her smile she melts the sternest,
With her tact wins every heart.

She went to France as a Red Cross nurse, and otherwise served her country during the war. She who stayed at home knit for the soldier's kit, or otherwise performed her duty. She stood up for the men who fought, and in many ways performed her part in assisting to win the victory.

Occasionally the newspaper man's heart is made glad by some fair creature with heavenly ways. A bunch of flowers, or a dainty, is bestowed upon him, and thus a ray of sunshine is flashed across his path. I remember one fair creature who visited the office every once and awhile, to bring personal items and to pay the family subscription, her visits always being a source of pleasure. If my affections had not already been engaged, she might have had my heart and my anticipated fortune for the asking.

A SUNBEAM FLOODS THE OFFICE.

She glided through the counting-room,
With air of ripe matureness,
Though in her face was youthful bloom
And delicate demureness.
The patter of her white-clad feet
Made music with its lightness;
Her deep blue eyes when yours they'd meet
Were dazzling with their brightness.
The darkest corner of the place
This human sunbeam lightened,

Because she carried in her face
A joy which all things brightened.

She left not only impress clear
Of maiden grace and gladness,
But a paid subscription for a year,
To cure the printer's sadness.

There are also fine women engaged in the newspaper business. There are several of them on the Gazette staff, who are better workers, more intelligent and more faithful than the men. I will trust a woman in preference to a man, any time.

There are several able women publishers in Arkansas. One of them recently sold her paper and retired to the home—

THE CALL OF THE HOME.

There was a pretty editress,
Who pushed a facile pen;
In news work she achieved success
Surprising to mere men;
But as she wrote there came desire
To bake a cherry pie,—
To sit and crochet by the fire,—
Which made her heave a sigh.

The call of home became too strong
For woman to resist;
She sold her paper for a song
To her antagonist;
Then gratified her heart's desire
With matrons smart to vie
In knitting by the cheerful fire,
Or making cherry pie.

'Tis fine to be an editress,
And help sway human minds;
But in her deepest heart's recess
A greater call she finds;
The mother love in woman's life
Tugs at her gentle heart,
And sweeter words than "home" and "wife"
To her no tongues impart.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HEISKELL FAMILY—THE IDIOSYNCRASIES OF THE NECESSARY OFFICE BOY.

THE most important change in the history of the newspaper with which I am connected occurred in June, 1902, when a controlling interest in the property passed from W. B. Worthen to C. W., J. N. and Fred Heiskell and myself. The Heiskell brothers, J. N. and Fred, have impressed the newspaper world with the fact that they are two of the most brainy and conscientious journalists in the South.

My business relations with these gentlemen have been pleasant and profitable. For twenty years we have worked together, and handled the different departments of the newspaper, each pursuing his own line of endeavor, without a single disagreement or the semblance of an angry word.

J. N. Heiskell is a worthy successor to W. E. Woodruff and the long list of illustrious editors who have edited the Arkansas Gazette. While a newspaper is partly conducted to make money, the first consideration with him is to make a meritorious newspaper, and no amount of patronage could swerve him one way or the other.

Fred Heiskell is a number-one news man, a brilliant, whole-souled fellow, who wins the hearts of all with whom he comes in contact. But he is thoroughly impregnated with the heretical idea that the editorial department is that part of the newspaper dog which wags the tail. He would think nothing at any time of leaving out a good cash-earning advertisement of general interest to the public, in order to get in an unimportant news item. Many's the spat he has had with the poor foreman over such a case, or because he insisted on squeezing one hundred columns of news in fifty columns of available space on crowded nights.

This lovable gentleman likes to tell everybody that he has to work himself almost to death in keeping the Gazette going, in order to support his brother and me in idleness; but I notice that he continues to wax handsomer, fatter and lazier every year, and I fear that if he had to do a real day's work, such as is required in the business office, it would kill him deader than Hector.

Fred Heiskell has made an enviable reputation as a humorist, through his "All Over Arkansas" column. His quips at the foibles of the day, his "A Thought for Today," and his epigramitic comment on extracts from the community exchanges has furnished many a hearty laugh.

The office boy is an important cog in a newspaper office. The following sketch, which was entitled "Wanted, An Office Boy," is quoted because it describes better than I could do an interesting type which could not well be omitted from a description of a newspaper office, and for the additional reason that it is an uproariously funny specimen in Fred Heiskell's best vein:

"Dealing with these boys from a broad viewpoint, all were the same. Some had more freckles than others, some were taller, some were fatter, but all smoked cigarettes and cigars and eke the boss' pipe when he was absent, all were pert and also pugnacious and all swore like sailors, which last grated harshly on the unaccustomed ears of the young men who work while you sleep and give you each morning the news of your city, your State, your county and strange lands beyond the seas.

"Still, what may one expect of a lad who is forced to turn night into day, to hold his own against armies of hostile Postal and Western Union messenger boys, to sit in the office when the police reporter tells the office over the phone that there is a murder in this street or a suicide in that or when there is a big fire early in the morning just before the last form is closed, and every available man is hurried out to handle the story in as few words as possible? True, those men are working, but they get to see the dead and talk to the murderer and watch the fire and hear the firemen yell, don't they? They don't have to stay in the office and carry 'copy' back to the composing room, where galley boys slosh benzine and daub ink and jeer at editorial room office boys. They don't have to run errands and be

'kidded' by reporters and roasted just because they try to catch a wink of sleep at the busiest time on election night.

"One, a few minutes after his first night's work had begun, was started to a nearby tobacconist with a quarter of a dollar belonging to a reporter and an order to purchase one of the peculiarly offensive pieces of Chinese punk which that reporter smokes. That careless little office boy forgot to return or to send back the piece of punk or the quarter or even a word of farewell.

"Another lad was started to the post-office for mail two hours after he came to work, for the first time. It was summer. The soft, silvery light from the pale moon sifted through the heavy foliage in the post-office yard, painting delicate traceries on the granolith walks (oh, very well, *Amelie Rives*), and on the upturned face of that cute little office boy. For he laid himself down there and slept—dreaming with the mail in his tightly-clenched hand, guarding his sacred trust even in his sleep.

"Looking down the dreary vista, peopled with office boys who have been with us, one stands out in bold relief. That one is *Payne*. He could lick any messenger boy in the city; he could answer the telephone without hurting the feelings of the person at the other end; he could deliver a message as it was given to him; he could stay awake—generally he could; in fact he was a star. Here's to you, *Payne*. You've got the makings, and we'll hear from you when you're grown—those of us that are here to hear.

"Then, there was *Muggsy*. He wasn't anybody's *American Beauty*, for his nose had been broken and his mouth was large, but he was an entire three-ringed circus. And a literary man, too, was *Muggsy*. He knew the life-story of *Jesse James* and all the other bandits, the pedigree of all the baseball celebrities and the fighting weight of all the pugilists. *Muggsy* hired himself to the office. He was a messenger boy in the days when the man who hired them had his dinner sent in to him every evening. *Muggsy* arrived one evening at mealtime and seemed to be waiting for something. He was asked if he had a telegram for the office and he cheerily answered no. He was asked what he wanted and he candidly answered, 'Some of that supper.' He got it and each evening thereafter he was present just after grace had been said, and stayed until after nuts. One evening he announced that he had decided to go to work as editorial room office boy.

"After *Muggsy* many came, won the undying enmity of the editorial room force and left, some of them hurriedly with some of the office furniture following them to the door; some silently and calmly, without so much as telling us about it. Then one bright day the quizzical *Mr. Dugan*, the quaint comedian of *Buttermilk Hill*, was signed. The fact is, *Mr. Dugan*

did not live on or near Buttermilk Hill, and when some one first made the statement that his habitat was there, he denied it, but when the office force insisted on making the statement, he cheerily admitted that he lived there. Mr. Dugan was a philosopher as well as a comedian. He was the Sol Smith Russell of the office boys, and his comedy was not of the slap-stick variety. It was clean and clear cut.

"One Christmas night Mr. Dugan (he was always so addressed by the office force, because of his solemn manner) induced a friendly printer to set up, in bold type, the following placard:

"I am blinder than a bat.

"Please help me.

"Pinning the sign to the front of his coat, he moved slowly about the office with his eyes shut, presenting his hat to each man there. It netted him \$6.85.

"At midnight some of the office force ordered a bounteous supper, and Mr. Dugan was invited to 'sit in.' He sat and did ample justice to the meal. When it was finished the cigars were passed and Mr. Dugan took one. He lighted it, leaned back in his chair, placed his feet on the table, jangled the coins in his pocket and remarked, "I'd give \$14.00 for the feelin's of a poor man.'"

There was another office boy—one who deserved immortality. *He was the only perfect office boy*, but he was too good to last.

THE ONLY PERFECT OFFICE BOY.

Ned was freckled, had red hair,
Which, if ever combed, was rare,
And his wizened face would almost stop a clock;
He was lanky and unkempt,
But would any task attempt,
And he was a cub unique in Little Rock.

He became the office pride,
On whom all the force relied,
And so handy that he was a constant joy;
With a smile upon his face,
He was always in his place,
For he was the long-sought perfect office boy.

Glad the editors, in truth,
To present this perfect youth,

But that morning he was home and sick in bed;
Baffled folks began to grin,
Thinking it a trick, but in

A few short hours the office paragon was dead.

Folks grinned more, and winked, and cried:
So your perfect boy has died?

"It is true, too true!" the office workers said,
"This the only flaw or crime
Ned, the perfect, left to time,

That he spoiled our rep. for truth by being dead.



CHAPTER XXVII.

THE EFFECT OF THE WAR ON THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS —THE H. C. P.

THE war with Germany revolutionized the newspaper business as well as almost everything else in the world, and many a time have I blessed the Kaiser,—over the left,—for the trouble he has caused me. This tyrant always had a good opinion of himself, and believed he could do bigger things than anybody else. He did not profit by it, but the last time he set his war-dogs loose, he raised more fuss than ever occurred on earth before, and if he calculated on turning everything upside down, he made a success of the job in that respect.

The war augmented circulation, and boosted advertising, but it increased the cost and the worry in greater proportions. Print paper soared in cost. In 1915 it was sold as low as \$1.87 per hundred pounds, and two cents per pound was the average contract price; the next year it had risen to 3 cents; in 1918 to 3½c, in 1919 to 3 9-10, in 1920 to 4½, and for the first quarter of 1921 to 6½ as the lowest for contracts, and ranging from 10 cents to the sky as the limit for spot paper in the open market. I have seen quotations as high as 16 cents. Besides, the purchasers have to pay the freight on returned cores, which the manufacturer formerly paid; and freight rates have also been advanced about 70 per cent. The H. C. P. has outdistanced the H. C. L.

Formerly a publisher's business for paper was solicited, his orders were appreciated, because paper bills run into fabulous sums, and he could select the mill from which he would buy; but during the war period only one mill would supply him, he took what he could get as to quality and quantity, with nothing to say about the price.

Prior to the war, I was sure that I knew all about print paper,

as I had dealt in the product nearly all my life, but I suddenly awoke to a realization that what I did not know about it would fill a book, especially as to price and how to buy the goods.

We had not in the past bothered much about our paper supply, further than that we preferred to have a contract with a reputable mill, in order that we might know exactly what we were doing, and to be sure that we would get a good quality of stock.

If anybody had told me five years previously that I could not go out into the market with the money and buy all the paper I wanted, I would have said, "You are crazy."

In the year 1915 our paper had contracts with two mills, each for about one-half of our requirements. About two days before the expiration of the contract, one of the mills notified us, unceremoniously, that, while our relations had been satisfactory, it had more contracts than it could fill, and that it was extremely sorry that it could supply us no longer. This was like throwing a bombshell into our face. We wrote, then telegraphed and telephoned to various mills, and after burning up a hundred dollars or more in telegraph and long-distance tolls, without getting any satisfaction, we started a man out in search of paper. The representative could not even get inside of the mill offices. Everywhere he was met at the doors with word that they had no paper to sell, and they would not make appointments to discuss the matter. The mill men said, "Don't you know that there is a paper famine on?" We did not know what it meant, but we did know that something was wrong.

Once when we were so short of paper that I had worried myself sick over it, I wired John Budd in New York to make the rounds of the paper houses in that city in an effort to get us some paper, at any price. He obtained for us five carloads through the agency of a Canadian mill. We wrote, thanking him for *asking* for the paper for us. He objected to the word we used, as he

said he did not merely *ask* for it; he had to beg and get down on his knees and pray for it.

At first I was disposed to believe that we were being made an exception of, and I personally made two trips to a mill to investigate the situation. At one meeting there were 37 other publishers who were all practically in the same predicament as ourselves. These publishers evidenced an independent spirit around the hotels, and some of them talked boastingly of what they were going to do to the paper manufacturers, but when they met and talked in person to the paper kings they were as docile as lambs on their way to beard the lion in his den.

At a certain mill, at which a number of publishers had met, for the purpose of trying to get concessions in price and additional shipments, a strike occurred during their visit. The publishers were being entertained by the president of the mill at a house-boat party, when they were notified of the occurrence, by a special messenger, in somewhat of a theatrical manner. After considering the demands of the workmen, the mill-owner announced that he would spend a quarter of a million dollars before he would submit to the workmen, who were unreasonable.

Of course, the publishers could not blame the mill man for resisting the claims of the men, if he considered them immoderate; but, as one of the publishers said, "Where do we get off? If the mill shuts down, the supply will cease, and the newspapers would be the greatest sufferers thereby." The up-shot of it was that, ostensibly to keep the mill going, without loss to the owners, the publishers agreed to stand the amount of the increased cost above the price which they were paying on their contracts for paper. The newspaper men went there expecting to get a reduction in price, but "got it in the neck," as they expressed it. It was a great joke on them.

Recently, in conversation with a fellow publisher, I, jestingly, referred to the news print manufacturers as "profiteers." "That

is unjust," was his reply; "when four or five people are bidding for an article, the man who has it to sell will naturally get all he can for it." That is the situation. There was not enough paper to go around, but was it a natural or a manufactured shortage?

The man who has to keep the printing presses going these days has a job, instead of a position. One Thursday morning, I had just one roll of paper left after printing the day's edition. By chartering a special engine to intercept a carload which, through tracing by wire, we learned was side-tracked somewhere up the road, in Missouri, the car was brought in that night before press time. On another occasion, I had about twelve rolls on hand on a Saturday morning, while 68 rolls were required to print the Sunday issue. A carload arrived in the nick of time that afternoon. The press-room cupboard is continually bare, and these kind of calls are too close. Charged with the responsibility of issuing a newspaper every day, and experiencing such hair-breadth escapes from suspension as these is enough to drive a man mad, when he is 1,500 miles distant from the nearest paper mill. Nothing less than a few carloads ahead will ever make him feel safe and enable him to sleep well.

Shortly before the war, a certain paper manufacturer, in sailing down a little river in the North, proudly pointed out to his guests piles of spruce wood extending for a mile along the bank, and remarked that he had enough wood to keep his mill running for two years. When surprise was expressed, he further said, "And I have sufficient material in the adjacent forest (to which he pointed) to last me for twenty years. In a few months after the war started, his wood pile was gone and the forest depleted. Where it all went is a mystery.

In January, 1920, I made a contract with a mill for 3,000 tons of paper, to be delivered in equal monthly installments during the year. This was 500 tons less than I wanted, but it was all that I could get allotted to me, and by close shaving we could get

through on that quantity. I was resting comparatively easy until I received a telegram from the mill that Canada had placed an embargo on shipments from one of the mills from which the company was making shipments to us. On this account, our shipments were cut forty per cent, until the embargo was lifted, under article seven of the contract, which provided that in case of insurrection, war, embargo, strikes or unavoidable acts of God, the company could reduce their shipments. The embargo was finally raised, but not until I had had a bad scare.

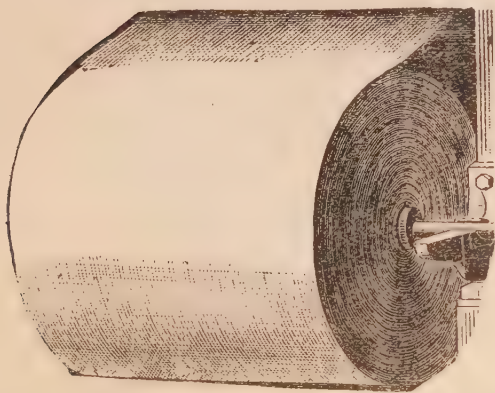
About two-thirds of the newsprint manufactured in Canada is being sold in the United States, and the Canadian newspapers have had to go hungry because their government fixed a price on paper which was less than it was selling for in the United States.

In the summer of 1920, a certain mill called its customers to meet with its managers at Chicago. The customers were informed that the mill would lose a million dollars on its 1920 contracts; that it had an offer of 10 cents a pound for one-half of its output for 1921, which would give it a chance to recoup its loss, as that was more than double the price which it was receiving on its contracts, expiring December 31, 1920; and it was desired that the publishers release one-half of their tonnage for the next year, to enable the mill to make this profit. Of course, the publishers objected, as they were doubtless expected to do, because at that time they could not get paper elsewhere at a reasonable price, on account of the condition which prevailed in the market. They were then told that they would have to make up that million dollars, if they expected to get their full quotas from the mill during 1921. They rebelled at first, but at the "shown down" all of the publishers, numbering nearly one hundred, subscribed their pro-ratas to the fund. What a snap that was for the mill owners!

Nothing was so common as paper until the past two years, and nobody dreamed that it would become such a scarce article, although as a matter of fact the growth of the newspaper, both as

to its size in pages and in its circulation, has been marvelous. Immense forests of wood are every year consumed in the manufacture of paper, and many are now giving utterance to fears that the supply of a proper kind of wood pulp for the making of paper will in a few years become exhausted. Reforestation is being earnestly discussed, and doubtless new sources of supply, or substitutes for spruce, will be found, when they shall be actually required. At any rate, the end of the supply is not in sight, and it is yet unnecessary to disturb ourselves about how we shall get along without print paper. The supply will doubtless last during our time, and we may leave newspaper posterity to shift for themselves. But, may the great torch of enlightenment and liberty—the press—never grow dim for lack of paper.

Little strips of paper
Made from chips of wood,
When impressed with living words
Work for human good.

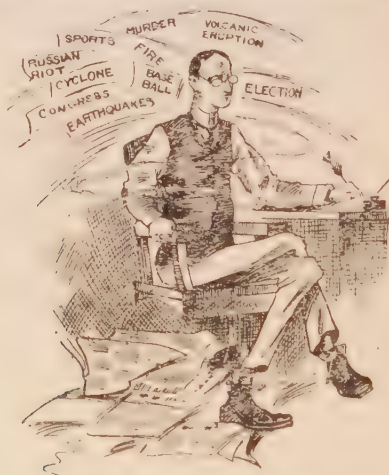


A Roll of Print Paper, a Commodity Which Was Very Plentiful and Exceedingly Cheap at One Time, But the Scarcity and Costliness of Which During the War Caused Much Worry to Publishers.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE OF TODAY

THE newspaper office will always have a fascination for me, and I believe my interest in the business is shared by many people. The work on a newspaper is not only enticing, but in few other pursuits are you thrown with so many people in such intimate ways. You have your fingers on the pulse of the world, as it were. You hear of every occurrence, and a vast panorama of the events of mankind pass in review before you. The virtues and foibles of humanity are continually bared to your eyes. You may here learn, through personal contact, and because of tele-



"Midst a Storm of News of the Day."

graphic and cable communication with the uttermost parts of the earth, to read human nature better than anywhere else. Through the introduction of the newspaper, without formalities, you are made acquainted with President Harding, the kings of earth, and

all other great men and women. It enables you to become familiar with the thoughts and feelings of the people of all classes.

With a morning newspaper, night is the time of its greatest activity, and that is when the establishment should be seen to be appreciated. A most interesting place is in full swing. The plant is ablaze with electric light. The machinery is started, and every activity going. The visitor may see something like this:

In the business office, advertising, subscription and news-dealer orders are being received and executed, instructions to the foreman and the press run are being made out.

In the editorial rooms the reporters are grinding out copy on typewriters for the hungry maws of the typesetting machines; the telegraph editor is revising dispatches and writing heads; the city editor is overlooking the reporter's work, and assigning men to cover certain items; every minute or two there comes in over the long-distance telephone lines news of various matters; telegraph messengers are constantly arriving with specials; the operators of the Associated Press and other news services are receiving the news of the world in cipher code over the leased wires and transmitting it in first-class typewritten copy to the editors, the society editress sends in a batch of such chaff as pleases the lady readers; the sporting editor is making up baseball results and reports of other athletic events; other department heads are engaged in routine work; the editor-in-chief is composing his leaders; feature men, and the paragrapher, too, are at work; the proofreaders are marking errors.

"And what is this?" asks a visitor, who is making the rounds of the establishment.

"That is the morgue," replies the attendant.

"Do you bury people there?"

"Not exactly. The Morgue is the name given in a newspaper office to a dusty, untidy place, where are kept pictures, clippings, files, engravings and biographies of people, living and

dead, whose records it may be necessary to dig up for use in a story or an obituary. The material is, or ought to be, indexed, so that it may readily be extracted from the pickle jar when you get into jail or into the legislature, are divorced or die. See!"

The guide then tells the visitor a story about the visit that Cecil Rhodes once made to the library and morgue of the London Daily Mail, when someone mischievously suggested that perhaps Mr. Rhodes would like to see what the paper would say about him when he died.

"Mr. Rhodes answered that he would," says the entertaining young man, "and it is said that a biographical envelope was produced. In it was an obituary notice, already prepared, in view of possible eventualities. It began with the statement, 'We announce with profound regret, etc., the death of Cecil Rhodes.' The distinguished Empire Builder is said to have disliked having his possible demise prepared for in advance."



The Editor Surveying the Town.

Ye editor here is surveying the town,
'Midst a storm of the news of the day,
And with eye microscopic runs everything down,
To decide what is proper to say.

It is here that the master of pencil and quill,
Or the one who the typewriter plays,
Is chunking off wisdom the paper to fill,
To give views, and to better folks' ways.



"And have you my obituary here?" further enquires the caller.

"Well, if we have, we had better not show it to you."

The newspaper file room is also an interesting one, for bound volumes of Gazette files run back previous to the Civil War, and contain the most authentic history of the State and the activities of its people.

An inspection is then made of the Composing Room, where the editorial, news and advertising matter is put in type and the forms are made up for the stereotypers. Great are the changes from former days in this department, where all the typesetting was then performed by hand. Now we see a big battery of linotypes, intertype and monotype machines, each having an individual electric motor to provide its power. Each typesetting machine does the work that it required five or six men to do before such machines came into use; and these intelligent contrivances also automatically distribute the matrices from which the lines of type are cast. Through the agency of the monotype caster, new type for display advertisements, as well as borders, rules, slugs and leads, are made, and each day after being used, are thrown into the "hell box," from which they are removed and remelted in the metal pot, instead of being distributed in the cases, as formerly. This is called the non-distribution system.

(High-powered machinery and many intricate mechanical aids are employed in the modern publishing plant, but manpower is still the essential requirement. Alert, educated brains, and ready, industrious hands are required to achieve success.)

In the basement are the great rumbling presses, manned for service—wonderful, imposing machines, which are the result of study, experiment and tireless labor on the part of skilled mechanical inventors. Behold the bewildering combination of cogs, cylinders, form-locks, rollers, ink fountains—fed by air compressors—brass-lined stairways leading to press decks and platforms;

the miraculously intelligent folders, attached to which are mechanical labor-saving paper carriers, and many other accoutrements, too numerous to mention.

You inspect the puzzling mysteries of the stereotype foundry, where the matrices are made from paper, blotter and paste, steam-rolled and dried at a temperature of 300 to 400 degrees of heat; the big melting vat, containing 7 tons or more of metal, made of lead, tin and antimony; the casting-box and pouring pump; the sawing, finishing and cooling machine; the jig saws and trimmers for finishing and morticing illustrations.

After the making of the circular plates, from which the printing is actually done, instead of from type, you see the plates carried to the presses and locked on the cylinders, being placed as numbered by marks on the inside.

Big rolls of white paper, of various sizes, to accommodate the different sized sections, weighing from 300 to 1,400 pounds each, are loaded on the rear of the presses by electric hoists. When the rolls are in place, a long strip is unwound from each, fed over a series of rollers by moving the press cylinders in a slow jerk, the men crawling around in and about the elephantine machine, drawing the sheets over and under various cylinders, until they extend through, and connect with the folders.

A signal is given, and presto! The pressman touches a button connected with the big electric control-board which regulates the 75-horsepower motor, and the wheels begin to turn. The press functions slowly at first, the stream of white paper creeping over the forms. Gradually the speed is accelerated, the ink rollers and cylinders revolve faster; the squeaking, whirring noise swells at last into a great roar. You cannot hear yourself talk. As the momentum increases, the wheels revolve like lightning, and you marvel at the perfection of the operation as the machine turns out papers faster than you can count them. But it is unnecessary to count the papers. The folder has a simple, little attachment

which registers every copy that goes through it and gives the total. The product is also divided into parcels of fifty each.

Unfortunately, a press sometimes "cuts up," like a spoiled child, when visitors are around. The web of paper breaks while the wheels are revolving at full speed, and in a moment all of the parts are enveloped by a mass of wasted, crumpled paper. The press hands rush around like mad. The machine must be stopped, which is done by simply pressing another button, of a different color from the "start" button. The mangled sheets have to be eliminated, and the process of threading the paper through the press must be repeated.

The pressman explains that accidents like the one described are caused by rotten paper, by some fault in the press, which must be kept scrupulously clean and well oiled, or by a high spot in a form plate.

"How fast does it print?" is usually asked.

"That depends on the press and the size of the paper in pages," replies the pressman. "The octuple press consists of four eight-page units, and two folders. Each revolution of the cylinders prints two eight-page sections, if there are that many or more on the press. For sixteen to thirty-two pages, about thirty thousand an hour is the speed. Beyond that number of pages the speed is reduced one-half. Therefore, the shorter the rolls of paper which are used, the faster the speed, because a less number of decks are used, but short rolls can only be used on editions which are small in their number of pages. The octuple press uses 54- and 72-inch rolls of paper. The two-plate wide presses, use $36\frac{1}{4}$ - and $18\frac{1}{8}$ -inch rolls."

The tour of inspection of the plant has now been completed. Notice how punctually everything moves. Speed is the watchword. Speed is required in every department of the up-to-the-minute newspaper. A morning newspaper must go to press early, if it is to be ready for the breakfast table, and those who

would rather have it than a cup of coffee are not to be disappointed.

Copy must be speedily prepared; speed must be used in setting it; there must be more speed in locking up the forms, and still more speed in making the plates and starting up the press. Everything must be speeded along—or the other fellow will beat you to it.

Here is an incident which will illustrate how celerity is practiced on an up-to-snuff newspaper.

On December 9, 1921, the Gazette presses were just starting to run off an edition. Word came to the office that Tom Slaughter, who was sentenced to be electrocuted, together with half a dozen other convicts, had just escaped from the State penitentiary. The only member of the editorial staff then on duty was Clyde L. Dew, the night editor (and Madam Rumor says that he would not have been there if he had not tarried to play a game of cards with the printers). He jumped up in a jiffy, had the presses stopped, 'phoned for a taxi, in which he had the driver go pell-mell to the prison-house. In a few minutes he had the facts about the notorious Slaughter's get-away, and was back at the office. In less than an hour and a half he had written an interesting two-column report of the exploit, which the printers had set up as fast as written, so that when the last word of the report was type-written by Mr. Dew, only three lines remained to be set on the linotypes. Then the printing of the edition was quickly resumed.

Mr. Dew's achievement was the remarkable work of a good news-man, but the Gazette's biggest beat occurred the next day. The outlaw had left in his cell a fifteen-page letter, addressed to the Arkansas Democrat, the afternoon paper, explaining why he determined to break jail, belaboring his enemies, and praising certain people who had befriended him. The letter was a curious production, and it was exceedingly interesting, because Slaughter had been before the public for a long time. He was a notorious

bank robber, an all-round bad man, who had murdered a prison guard, defied the officers of the law, as well as threatened the life of the Governor. But the Democrat failed to get this letter in time for its afternoon edition. A Gazette reporter obtained a copy of it and printed it before the Democrat saw it.



CHAPTER XXIX.

TWO NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION EXCURSIONS AND THEIR ATTENDANT ADVENTURES.

PAPER troubles and business annoyances, avaunt, for a brief spell! It is fortunate that life consists of a variety of experiences, and it is a person's own fault if he fails to find pleasures enough to over-balance the trials and tribulations of the world.

The American newspaper man is not only the brainiest, the most energetic and enterprising of his profession, but he is said to be the most indefatigable excursionist in the world. He contracted galivanting habits in the good old days of the profession when any railroad or steamship company would give him a pass or exchange transportation for advertising.

This peregrinating tendency of the newspaper man is, of course, excusable. It is, in fact, natural, commendable and necessary. We are all curious to see things and explore places that are new to us, even though we are entirely contented at home, which is seldom the case with restless man. Most of us are inclined to think that it is the land we have not visited which will be the most interesting and pleasurable to us. Dr. Samuel Johnson said that, "if the passenger visits better countries he may learn to improve his own; and if fortune carries him to worse, he may learn to enjoy his own." Anyway, travel is attractive. Almost everyone who has not "done" Europe, for instance, has an ambition to go there. But, if a person lives in the United States, he should see all of that country first, and then he should travel over Canada. These are vast areas to explore, full of wonders, teeming with interest and instruction. After he has exhausted this continent, let him go to Europe, Asia or Africa, if then any years of his life are yet to be spent.

For thirty-five years, it has been the practice of the National

Editorial Association of the United States (sometimes called by its members, "the National Eatatorial Association"), at the close of each of its annual conventions, which usually take place in June or July, to arrange for an excursion through some interesting part of the continent which has not been explored by it. The objects of the trip, of course, are to obtain recreation and to gather the information which travel affords.

It has been reasonably easy to arrange for such junkets, because the transportation companies have ever been ready to encourage them and to grant concessions generally to the editorial fraternity. Numerous cities bid for the privilege of entertaining such conventions, and various commercial organizations join with the railroads in offering inducements to secure the gatherings, because, no doubt, they believe they receive a benefit from them in a publicity value.

Being in ill health, needing a rest and change of air, I was easily prevailed upon to accept an invitation to accompany, in 1919, a jolly crowd on the "Victory Tour" of that association through Western Canada, and again in 1920 through the Eastern provinces. We spent about a month on each trip.

The train traveled in Western Canada about 4,000 miles, not including automobile side-trips; and we passed through scenery as diversified and as interesting as the imagination could desire. In going through the Canadian Rockies the train was parked at night, so that none of the scenic beauties would be missed.

The branches of the Canadian Bank of Commerce received and distributed mail for the editors at each stopping place, our laundry was called for and returned to us, typewriters and writing material were supplied, there was a postoffice on board, outstanding points of interest were pointed out by men who knew every foot of the ground, news bulletins were provided, and little could be thought of that was left undone in the interest of showing the scribes a good time. The dining car service was excellent, and

the only comfort that was absent was the old-fashioned daily bath. We enjoyed that luxury only when we reached an hotel. It is estimated that this entertainment cost the Canadians over \$30,000.

Notwithstanding that on one of these trips a fat lady sat on my ten-dollar Panama hat and gave it such a squelching that it was unfit for further service as a lid; and that at one place I broke my watch; at another town smashed my spectacles; at Wolfville tore a hole in the back of my overcoat in crawling under a barbed wire fence; at Sackville, Ont., fell and broke a rib in descending a waxed stairway when leaving a ball and reception; at Bigwin Inn almost lost my reputation, as will be explained; and that, after buying some furs, I came home with a pocket-book as flat as a flounder fish, whereas it was bulging with protuberance when I started;—notwithstanding all these dire calamities, I still truthfully say that this was one of the most delightful outings that I ever experienced.

We rode on sumptuous trains through peaceful valleys and circled mountains high in the air.

We floated on palatial steamboats over placid waters, through the roaring waves of the briny ocean, on rolling, glistening bays, and in sparkling lakes.

We shot dangerous rapids; swept through gigantic gorges, and under spraying waterfalls.

We went through dark, smoky tunnels, and crossed all sorts of water courses on trestled and suspension bridges.

We were propelled in surface, subway and elevated cars, in rubber-neck wagons, taxis, "tin-lizzies," and the costliest automobiles.

We were lifted in elevators that made our heads swim.

We sported in Victorias at Montreal and in Caleches at Quebec.

Laughing and singing, we sped along in high-powered automobiles at the rate of 60 miles an hour over the smoothest, most

picturesque, asphalted roads in the world; and we jogged in horse-drawn and ox-pulled wagons over the roughest corduroy roads in existence.

We used ferry-boats, oar-boats, launches; and nervy ones took flights in aeroplanes.

For excitement, some of us rode on the cow-catcher of the train's engine; others rode at times with the engineer in the tender, and for a while the baggage car was a popular resort.

We traveled in sunshine and in shade, through dust and mud, and in rain; but the weather man was good to us most of the time.

We walked over giant bridges, we tramped over snow-capped mountains, we strolled through fresh, sweet-smelling fields of grain, and amid banks of gorgeous flowers; we climbed observation towers, and we bathed in the sea.

We followed Indian trails and cow paths through the woods of the provinces.

As Canada has every variety of climate distributed over its wide area, sometimes we were warm in Mohair or Palm Beach suits, and slept comfortably under thin sheets; while at other times we had to put on woolen underwear, and sleep under blankets, beside a snowbank on a mountain side.

The dining car was often used for a progressive card party, or converted into a dance hall.

We ate buffalo, whale, bear, salmon, lobster and all the delicacies that a bountiful earth affords, in addition to the most sumptuous meals which ordinary mortals feed on.

We drank water from limpid streams and bubbling springs, Scotch whiskey served in pitchers, and beer and ale from buckets; in fact we had everything we wanted to drink, in spite of prohibition.

We attended receptions, dances, entertainments, theatre parties, festivals, circuses, garden teas, dinners, suppers, 'till we were sick of them—and some of us even went to church.

We heard every kind of music including a Kilty band, and lots of noise that wasn't music.

Souvenirs were handed out and flowers were showered upon us everywhere.

We heard speech-making and story-telling galore.

There was an abundance of good feeling, lots of "cousinly" and "brotherly" felicitations and flirtations, many pleasant exchanges of compliments in regard to the imaginary international border which it had never been necessary to fortify. In fact there was a surfeit of everything, except sleep, for the party. There was the darndest bunch of night-owls along that was ever congregated in one aggregation. Old men and middle-aged women indulged in pillow-fighting like kids, and in their numerous pranks some of the crowd respected neither old age nor decrepitude.

There was a superabundance of singing—at least, it was called singing; and the practical joker was also along.

We had orators and oratresses; poets and poetesses.

We had genuine bully times!

It is good to be on an excursion of newspaper men and women.

We were lucky to be able to visit Grand Pre, in the heart of Acadia, celebrated by Longfellow's Evangeline, just as the apple-blossoms in the big orchards were in full bloom. This section had a romantic interest for us, aside from its natural beauties and the history connected with its misfortunes. The engine of the train on which we rode, appropriately bore the name of Gabriel, each of us was presented with a copy of Evangeline, together with leaflets by Canadian poets. Therefore, we were thoroughly saturated with the sentiment of the scene. We tramped over the enclosed sacred site of the church, marked by a large cross of cemented stones, at which the Acadians were summoned to hear the king's message, after which they were dispersed; we looked

down the well from which Evangeline is supposed to have drawn water for the family; we stood under a row of ancient willows which had been planted by the unfortunate settlers—trees with drooping leaves which “stand like Druids of Eld, with voices sad and prophetic.” We saw the dykes built by the French.

We had a pleasant visit to the home of Dr. Andrew Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, at Bien Breagh, where he has a magnificent estate, with a house which looks like a Scotch castle. His wife, who is a deaf mute, served us with tea and cake, while the doctor talked interestingly of his inventions.

We were treated to an exhibition on the Bras d’Or Lakes of Dr. Bell’s Hydroplane, by his son-in-law, Casey Baldwin. This machine plows the waters at the speed of 70 miles an hour, and was intended to be used as a submarine chaser during the war, but was not completed in time for service.

We spent a day on Prince Edward’s Island, the “Million Acre Farm,” which is one of the world’s beauty spots, and visited the celebrated fox ranches, which are said to be as profitable as gold mines. The ladies of the party were greatly interested, and could hardly be torn away from the little cubs, especially from the kennels where baby foxes were being mothered by cats. The women had a two-fold interest. Every one of them coveted a silver fox fur, to keep the sun off her shoulders in summer, and to muff her hands in winter.

At Moncton we saw the tidal bore come in, a sight worth going many miles to see. We were late in arriving, and some of us had been slightly discouraged because Harry, the train porter, was quoted by J. E. Klock, the most truthful man in the party, as saying that he had “got out at the station many times and never had seen any hawg yet.”

At the metropolis of Montreal we visited Notre Dame and St. James Cathedrals; and we shot the Lachine Rapids, near Montreal, but were disappointed at the tameness of the rapids, after

being prepared for a squally time by putting on rubber slickers and being cautioned to hold on to the deck railings.

The eyes which have never beheld the beauties of Lake Louise, Banff, the boulders of the "Great Divide," Jasper Park, Lucerne, Kamloops and Boston Bar, in the Canadian Rockies, have missed much of the world's grandeur.

The Buffalo herds at Wainwright, a wild west stampede at Calgary, an exhibition drill by the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, at Regina, a visit to the celebrated Shrine of Ste. Anne de Baupre and the Redemptorist Church, with the magnificent jewelled statue of the Virgin in the Basilica, and the Holy Stair, which you may ascend only on your knees, furnished a variety of unexcelled sight-seeing.

Nobody, as he approaches Quebec, will ever forget the sight of the majestic St. Lawrence river, nor the visit to the ancient French city, with its bold promintory, the imposing Chateau Frontenac, the Laval University, Dufferin Terrace, the Plains of Abraham, and the numerous monuments which mark historic spots.

Visits to Toronto and Ottawa, with their beautiful architectural buildings, were full of interest; and speeches made at these cities, and at Winnipeg, Edmonton, as well as at other points in both the Eastern and Western Provinces, bespoke a continuance of the long-existing friendship between the people of the Dominion and her great continental neighbor. The President and the King were always toasted with hip-hip-hurrahs, and the joint singing of "America" and "God Save the King" was a part of every program.

As we travel around we are reminded of many of the inconsistencies of mankind. Pilgrims left England to avoid intolerance. French Canadians gave up their earthly possession, and some of them their lives, or were dispersed, rather than swear allegiance to the British. In the St. John Valley of Canada we met descend-

ants of more than three thousand souls who left the New England States during the Revolutionary War as Loyalists because they would not support the Independence of the United States. The descendants of these Loyalists are as proud of their ancestry as are the sons of those who sailed on the Mayflower.

I was an interested spectator at a part of a session of the Parliament at Ottawa. In the House, a discussion was in progress on a bill to grant pensions to ex-war service men, to whom Canada has been very liberal. In the Senate, the Postmaster-General, who is a member with a vote, in common with other cabinet officers, was making a speech in connection with proposed new second-class postage rates (newspaper postage rates) which, by the way, are lower there than in the United States. The demeanor of the members was dignified and the utmost decorum prevailed in the chambers. I was struck with the respect paid to the presiding officers. A member in entering or leaving the chamber always bowed to the presiding officer, who wears vestments which designate his high position. Instead of the vociferous applause which greets a speaker in the United States when he makes an appealing point, the auditors simply voice their approval by crying, "hear, hear."

At a reception tendered the party by the Lieutenant-Governor of one of the provinces, we saw something of the pomp and etiquette of official Canadian government. The governor, in evening dress, was accompanied by a military attache, in uniform, and in front of him in the receiving line stood his official "announcer," in full dress.

A citizen of the United States can hardly reconcile with his idea of the word the Canadian one of "domesticating" a title, as expressed in this paragraph from a Dominion newspaper:

"Lord* Atholston * * * brought the ancient title of Baron

*Lord Atholston, editor of the Montreal Star, was plain Mr. Graham until King George bestowed on him a title in 1919.

home to us, and *domesticated* it. He has made it more human, and, shall I say, Canadian. He has no notion that the empire is a top pivoting perilously on Westminster, but rather a broad based Temple of Liberty, with one of its stoutest foundations resting on the soil of Canada."

While I was in Canada in 1920, word was received of the defeat, through the President's disapproval, of the Underwood Resolution in the United States Congress. This resolution, as will be remembered, was the result of a controversy between the two countries over pulp wood used in paper making. Canada had placed an embargo on the shipment of spruce wood to the United States mills, and this resolution was intended to bring pressure to bear on Canada to lift the embargo, in the interest of the American mills. Competition had been keen between the mills of both countries, and on account of Canada's immense forests of spruce, the matter assumed an important international aspect. Canada rejoiced over the defeat of the Resolution, and American mills that were short of wood were correspondingly disappointed.



CHAPTER XXX.

A BRIEF SEASON OF MIRTH.

SOME of the members of the editorial party who traveled on Car Four remained on the train, instead of going on a side trip with the others to Timmins, in the neighborhood of the Cobalt Gold and Silver Mines. They did so in order to arrange for a reception and melon party.

The ladies painted, powdered and rigged themselves up in all sorts of fantastic garbs, while the gentlemen contrived to use pillow-slips, berth curtains, and all the old clothes they could find or borrow to disguise themselves with. One gentleman turned his collar around so as to button it in the back, obtained a large black cap, put on a white night gown over his clothes, and was thus dressed almost perfectly to impersonate a Roman Catholic bishop; another, with a curtain for a gown, represented a knight of ye olden time; a handsome man, in borrowed knee breeches and a silk blouse, with powdered hair, appeared as an English nobleman; then there was one disguised as a Spanish Grandee, or a Knight Errant; others personated similar characters. The ladies did not need to be adorned with so many clothes. The ridiculous costumes, the pretended dignity of the actors, the songs that they sang, and the numerous capers cut up, afforded no end of amusement.

Now Lady Emily Odell,
With many a fantastic belle,
And scores of gallant gentlemen,
Receives her friends in state, at ten,
To cap the pleasures of a day,
Whose last warm glow has passed away;
Parked there beside Ontario's lake,
The scribes all heavy thoughts forsake.

The Pullman Company made loan—
(A fact to that concern unknown)—

Of curtains, blankets, snowy sheets,
And most amazing use of seats,
To add rich touches of burlesque
And render stage effects grotesque.

Larks that never larked before
Larked high that night on gay Car Four,
Aboard the Million-Dollar Train
That sped the wide Canadian main.

The air was charged with honied words,
The songs outrivalled those of birds,
The moon with yellow jealous eye
Peered through the windows from the sky,
Where bright-eyed beauty gave her charm,
And hearts bestowed their feelings warm.

The Lady Simeral was there,
With garlanded and powdered hair;
The Countess Keen, petite and neat,
A melon served, not half as sweet
As was her dainty, winsome self;
The Duchess Carpenter, the elf,
Sparkling like airiest fairy queen,
In long receiving line was seen,—
A smile for each, a glance which told
Of richly dowered heart of gold.
The Lady Evans added grace
With her rare loveliness of face;
With flower-like features, starry eyes,
The Baroness de Blain brought sighs
From all who saw her shapeliness
Attired in masculine full dress;
Kind Mommy Redfield's sweetest smile
Beamed over all in friendly style,
As in her gracious, stately way
Her many pleasant things she'd say;
While queenly Lady Emily
Was well worth riding miles to see.

Put woman's graces shine the best
When men are with their presence blessed,

And in this goodly gathering
Were knightly men to dance and sing;
Count Evans, dignified and tall,
In swallow-tail, was peer of all;
His grace, the Duke of Tarrytown,
In knickerbocks, silk hose and gown,
Made all the maiden company
Feel jealous of fair Emily;
The debonair Sir William Smith,
So apt in song and jests with pith,
Came late, to liven things a bit
With bursts of song and thrusts of wit;
The courtly Carpenter, grown fat,
Had donned a bishop's gown and hat;
He sprinkled men with holy dew,
Their minds to lift, their sins to rue;
The great and fine Count Carmel-Keen,
Though of reserved and serious mien,
Was condescending to each guest,
And gaily frolicked with the rest.

Nor was the night without romance,
Its lively pleasures to enhance;
And well it was, for life were drear
When Love forsakes our earthly sphere;—
Don Poppy oft was seen to flirt
And linger near a pretty skirt;
Then he was not at all averse
To hold a ladys' hand or purse,
And once in a sequestered place
He dared to kiss a damsel's face.

But two regrets helped mar the mirth—
The Lady Flora sick a'berth,
And Klock returning to New York,—
With none to pull the festive cork.

Alas! bed time arrived too soon
For editors who love to spoon;
A pleasant and historic night
Had taken its eternal flight!

But Memory will long enshrine
This happy night with things divine
For journalists who took that trip
And shared in its good-fellowship,—
That fortunate newspaper band
Which journeyed far by sea and land
Through that Dominion of the King
Of which Canadian poets sing,—
A land much blest by Nature's gifts,—
With mammoth lakes and rocky rifts,—
Of mountain peaks and rich wheat fields,
Great forests and immense fish yields,
Of summer joys and winter snows,—
Land where the sugar maple grows.

But 'though we love our cousins there,
And praise their soil and mountain air,
We feel their land does not compare
With our own loved United States,
As, happy, we regain its gates.



CHAPTER XXXI.

A SPOONEY AFFAIR AT BIGWIG INN.

JUNE 25th, 1920, was a day which has been indelibly stamped on my memory,—not only because it was the 53rd anniversary of my birth, celebrated as none of my other birthdays ever had been, but for another reason,—and thereby hangs a tale.

The editorial party left Iroquois Falls in the evening, and, passing through North Bay, arrived at Huntsville, Ont., at 8 a. m. the next day. At that place a boat of the Bay Navigation Company was boarded for a sail through the Lake of the Bays, in the Highlands of Ontario, to go to Bigwin Inn, on a little island of the same name.

The Lake of the Bays is certainly one of nature's loveliest resorts. From the crossing of Fairy Lake to Bigwin Island, the multitude of little islands, the diversified shore line, and the glorious wealth of trees and vines, with the varied tints of the water, the trip is one of constant surprise and delight. Between Peninsular Lake and the real Lake of the Bays there is a portage, which furnishes an interesting change, for here the passengers are transferred to a miniature train, running over the world's shortest railroad, at the terminus of which the passengers are transferred to another steamboat, to complete the trip. The wonder is that the captains of the steamboats should be able to find their way through the watery labyrinth among the numerous islands, especially when in some places the channel between islands is only a few feet wider than the vessel as it winds itself around and between island after island.

A millionaire tanner of Huntsville had established a magnificent resort hotel on Bigwin Island, to accommodate 500 guests. It was to be formally opened to the public the next day, but the manager had arranged to entertain with a special luncheon the American editors in advance of the opening.

The menu was fine, served by fresh white waitresses, in new uniforms and white aprons; the linens were new, likewise the silver, and a good orchestra discoursed new music, while the hungry newspaper folks ate fresh meat, fresh white bread, spread with fresh yellow butter, and drank rich fresh milk from the Inn's own fresh dairy.

Everything was lovely. The program was carried out to perfection, after which the merry journalists spent two happy hours in wandering around the lovely isle, sniffing the perfume of the pines, gathering wild flowers, and inhaling the invigorating breezes which blew across the lakes. So loath was the crowd to leave this enchanting scene that the Captain had to blow several extra whistles, and then the manager of the party was compelled personally to round up the people in order to get them back on the boat for the return trip.

The spirits of the passengers ran high; they sang and danced on the upper deck; never was there a happier party. Some one happened to remark that the day was the anniversary of my birth. Forthwith, Billy Smith, of Waukegan, Ill., reached for his hat, and, remarking that he knew I was a hundred years old, he took up a collection of one hundred of those big, round, Canadian pennies, with King George's bust on them. They were presented to me, with an appropriate speech, and, my pockets bulging with the weight of this cash testimonial, which was the only easy money I ever got, I was compelled to mount a steamer chair and make a fool of myself by making a speech in acknowledgment.

At six o'clock in the afternoon we had finished the return trip. Several of us who were among the first to disembark had returned to the train which was in waiting, and were washing up, preparatory to making a drive on the diner, when a messenger arrived. He breathlessly informed us that everybody was requested to return to the wharf; that some teaspoons were missing from the dining room of the Bigwin Inn, at which we had lunched,

and that as some one in the crowd was supposed to have the spoons, we were expected to repair to the boat and submit to a search.

We resented the intimation and refused to return, but on second thought decided to go back, out of curiosity.

At the landing we found the angriest crowd of men and women imaginable. Everybody was talking at once, some demanding that they be searched, others refusing on the ground that they would not submit to the humiliating intimation that they were even under suspicion. One man wanted to duck in the lake whoever was the first to cast such an aspersion on a respectable body of American newspaper men and women.

The turn of events had naturally cast a damper on the feelings of the visitors. Their mood was in strange contrast to the hilarity of a short time before.

An investigation developed that the hotel people charged no one directly with a theft, but had 'phoned the manager of our party of the loss of the spoons. The manager announced the fact rather abruptly, and suggested if any member of the party had thoughtlessly, for fun, carried off the spoons, he would be glad if that person would return them, as we were under obligations to the hotel for courtesies. He seemed to think that perhaps some confirmed souvenir hunter had actually put some of the spoons in his or her pocket, as is sometimes done at cafe dining rooms, and thought little of; but this insinuation was resented and made the crowd madder than ever.

The outcome of the row was that, at the suggestion of somebody, the waitress from whose table the spoons disappeared, was sent for, to identify the people who sat at the table which she served. It took four hours to bring her to the scene of war, and when she arrived, without any hesitation, she identified six of us, —and, to my consternation, I was one of the unfortunate half dozen. The remarkable part of the identification was that, al-

though this waitress had never seen any of us except during the meal at the Inn, she was able, six hours afterward, at another place, and when some of us had changed our dress, to pick out six of us, who were separated, from an indiscriminate crowd of over a hundred people. But she had not seen and could not undertake to say that any one of us had taken the spoons; she could only state that we had sat at the table from which they disappeared.

I did not want to think that the poor girl had put up a job on us. It was conceivable that some one may have stolen the spoons, but as one of the gentlemen who sat with me at the table had unintentionally offended the waitress during the meal, in connection with a tip, I believed it possible that the accusation was the result of spite-work.

However, the incident spoiled a happy day, and I never expect to hear the last of that spoon episode. "Spoons, spoons, who got the spoons?" still reverberates in my ears.

The matter nearly resulted in international complications, as detectives and barristers were consulted in regard to it. A local barrister, who was consulted as to a damage suit against the hotel man, stated that it would be necessary to prove that our characters were damaged. As to myself, I could not prove that my character was, or could be, any worse, and therefore I dropped the matter; especially since it was not my business to prove who got the spoons.

All agreed that the hotel had made a fuss and a muss over a trivial matter,—the possible loss of a few plated spoons.

I have since heard that the guilty party had been discovered; that is, I have been told by one who is in a position to know, that he "had heard the rattle of the spoons," but he would not divulge the name of the suspected party, and therefore nobody has been hung or drawn and quartered for the crime.

As I write these lines, I am in receipt of a letter from a fellow

member of the Order of "Who Got the Spoons," enclosing a clipping containing a telegraphic news dispatch, giving an account of an operation which was performed on a man in a certain town, when five teaspoons were removed from his stomach by the surgeons.

"Ha! at last! Discovered! Here are five of 'em, but where did the sixth go?" comments my correspondent, who lives in Illinois.

Soon after the spoon episode, The Editor and Publisher, of New York, printed a horrible picture of an ugly man, with my name under it. Upon seeing it, I immediately wrote one of the editors in the name of a fictitious attorney, demanding satisfaction, and as a reply the supposed attorney received a letter, from which the following is quoted:

"Mr. Ile Stickem, care F. W. Allsopp, Little Rock, Ark.

"Whereas, wherein and wherefore your client threatens my present and future fortune in yours of the 20th instant, take heed. You are up against a bad actor, a man with a criminal record, who will not hesitate to go to the direst extreme in protecting his name and character from anyone who attempts to obtain justice from him.

"If called into court, the undersigned will not hesitate one moment in pleading justification for the alleged 'burlesque picture and base insinuation,' and might be compelled to ask what became of 100 copper pennies that were seen passing secretly into said Fred W. Allsopp's possession on board a certain steamship on the Lake of Bays one day this summer; might be driven to make the age of the said Allsopp a matter of public record; might easily tell the court of certain reasons why said Allsopp happened to fall downstairs one night in Sackville, N. B., of certain happenings that followed a visit to a resort known as Bigwin Inn and of his continued actions aboard a certain train in Canada during a certain month of the year 1920.

"This advice, being given by a fellow spooner of the said Fred W. Allsopp, may well be taken under serious consideration before acting further on behalf of your client. A word to the wise is sufficient."

This extract shows how hard it is for a man to cover up his sins or get away from an evil reputation.

CHAPTER XXXII.

I SUFFER TWO FALLS.

ON the editorial excursion, at a little town with the aristocratic name of Sackville, in Nova Scotia, I suffered more ill-luck. I had two falls. On account of becoming extremely cold on a drive from Amherst, I accepted a proffered drink of Scotch whiskey, which seemed to be very plentiful thereabout,—and thus I fell from grace, as I was a teetotaler. A little later in the evening, in leaving a club room, where we had been entertained with a reception and a ball by the local newspaper men, I slipped on a steep stairway on which wax had been carried from a newly waxed ball-room floor. It was no slight slip. I fell flat and hard against the edge of one of the stairs, and then rolled to the landing. The fall almost knocked the breath out of me, but I recuperated and soon thought I was all right again.

My wife said my fall was the penalty for drinking, but as Eb. Klock, who fell on the same stairway, had twice as many drinks, which was two, and he only broke his eyeglasses, while I fractured a rib, the liquor had nothing to do with it. It was simply one of those accidents which will occasionally happen to a man, no matter how sober he is. Henceforth the bunch changed my name from Allsopp to All-slip.

In a day or two I began to suffer excruciatingly from what I supposed was the result of the fall sustained at Sackville. Upon arrival at the little French city of Reviere du Loop, in Quebec province, I hunted up a doctor. I found one who was a Frenchman. He seemed to understand what I said, but I couldn't understand him very well. He examined me, bound me up until I could hardly walk, and left me under the impression that I had a fractured rib, which would knit in a few days.

The journey was resumed, and I ensconced myself in a com-

fortable position to look out of the car window at the landscape of Quebec Province.

After visiting the city of Quebec, we departed for Grand Mere, where the Laurentide Paper Mills are located. It was one of the objects of my trip to see the paper manufacturers, but I was unable to leave my berth when we reached the mill site. Due partly to over-exertion at Quebec, where there was so much to see, my supposed broken rib hurt me almost unbearably every time I moved a muscle of my body. I had sat up in my berth nearly all of the night before, because when I got down I could not turn over or get up, but I finally eased myself down on the bed. After trying several times to rise in the morning I gave up the effort, and as soon as the train stopped my wife called a doctor,—the mill doctor.

This doctor proved to be an experienced, talented young fellow, who had seen service in a medical corps in France, and he knew exactly how to handle fellows like me.

“Get up,” he says.

“I cannot, Doctor.”

“Why not?”

“The pain nearly kills me when I try to move.”

“But you must get up—I can’t examine you while you lie there.”

“I simply cannot rise; my fractured rib is *sticking through my side*, and it almost kills me.

After vainly trying to coax me to rise, he quickly placed his hand under my shoulders and yanked me upright, before I knew it, or could stop him, or I would have killed him, the brute.

The pain was so severe that I yelled bloody murder, and the ladies in the car said that I cursed the doctor, but, as I never swear, their imaginations played them false.

He thumped me over, and quietly said:

“You haven’t a broken rib.”

"Haven't a broken rib? Well, what hurts so?"

"Oh, you've got lumbago; been eating and drinking too much, and may have taken cold."

I looked at him in astonishment, while he removed the former doctor's bandages, plastered me with about fifty yards of adhesive tape, gave me an opiate, collected \$5 and was gone.

The occupants of the car had the laugh on me. And they even went so far as to suggest that it was a good thing that the doctor gave me the opiate, before he extracted \$5 from me,—whatever they meant to insinuate by that.

Later, I consulted an osteopath, who was strongly recommended to me by a lady friend. He gave me some enforced exercise, by pummelling me, stretching my arms, pulling my leg, twisting my neck and rolling me around on his table, until he shook all the money out of my pants pocket, when, with a significant grin, he said he knew I would get all right now that he had loosened me up. When I told this to the gang, they laughed outrageously at the reference to *loosening* me up, and, taking it in connection with their previous reference to the mill doctor's giving me an opiate before he collected his \$5 fee, they embarrassed me greatly by leading me to think that they seemed to have put me down as a "tight wad."

That lumbago was the most darned painful thing that I ever experienced; but I felt better immediately after I was assured that my rib was not broken—although I still have some doubt about that doctor's diagnosis.

The following morning after leaving Huntsville, the party arrived at Ontario's metropolis, Toronto, where on Queens street I used to toddle around when I was still in swaddling clothes. It was there I am told that I one day got lost, to the consternation of my poor mother. She finally located me several blocks away from home, hiding in an empty dry goods box, near the side of a store. She said that when I was discovered I acted like a monarch

of all I surveyed and was perfectly unconcerned as to the family's anxiety about my welfare.

Toronto, which is a modern city of unlimited resources, with numerous attractions for the visitor, had prepared an elaborate program of entertainment for the newspaper party, including a breakfast, an excursion around the harbor, a reception by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, another, by personal invitation of the Lieutenant-Governor, at the Parliament building, automobile rides, etc., all of which I am told took place as promised, with a surprising degree of hospitality and good will in evidence; but my wife was ill on account of the incident at Bigwin Inn. Therefore, together with a couple of good friends, we repaired to the Prince George Hotel for a rest. After a good nap, a good bath and a good meal, we took a ride on a "rubber-neck" wagon, and got the full worth of our dollar per head tickets, for we saw the best of a beautiful city, on a bright, sunshiny day, and were thoroughly well entertained by a guide, who, barring Eb. Klock, of our party, was the wittiest fellow I ever heard. The speilers on the New York Fifth Avenue sightseeing cars are good, but this one beat any of them; he was a whole show in himself.

"There's where Mary Pickford was born," said he, pointing to a house; "her mother was a scrub-woman and her father a barber. Mary makes \$50,000 a month, which is more than I make on this bus; if I'd seen Mary first, she wouldn't have married Douglas Fairbanks.

Pointing to another house, he said: "There's a house in which a man lives who buried three wives in one week." The women gasped before he could add,—"he was an undertaker."

"This is a crooked street," he said, as we passed along a winding thoroughfare lined with splendid residences; "it is due to the fact that so many of our rich bankers and retired brewers live on it."

By and by we came to a row of rookeries, reminding one of

a section of the New York Bowery, and calling attention to the most dilapidated hovel on the street, he said, "This, ladies and gentlemen, is the mansion in which the driver lives."

He offered some card folders for sale, but nobody seemed inclined to buy. "Come on, fellows," he said, "help us out; neither the chauffeur nor myself have had a bite to eat since the day before yesterday; we have to turn in *some* of the money we take in for fares,—buy a folder."

A Ford car blocked our passage at one point. "Get that oil can out of the way," he yelled, good naturedly.

And thus he kept up a running fire of witticisms during the entire drive. I believed him to be an Irishman or a Yankee, but he assured us he was a native Canuck.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

A FREDERICTON (B. C.) ROMANCE.

ALL of us have had experiences which stand out as being particularly pleasing. Such an one to me was a visit, with the National Editorial Association, to the city of Fredericton, the beautiful, shady capital of New Brunswick, with its fine parliament building, in which is the legislative library. This library comprises many rare volumes, including a set of the original edition of Audubon's Book of Birds, which formerly belonged to the Duke of Orleans; a copy of the scarce Doomsday Book, and several books bearing the autograph of Queen Victoria. There are also in the Assembly Room of the same building some noted paintings, such as one of Queen Charlotte, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. There are many other things of interest in that city, but my purpose is merely to refer to a chance meeting with an unusual lady.

We arrived at Fredericton early on an afternoon, and were immediately invited to enter automobiles which were in waiting to take the party for a drive around the city and its environs. It was the good fortune of five of us to be assigned to a handsome Cadillac closed car, driven by a chauffeur who had the bearing of a soldier, although in citizens' clothes. A dignified, handsome lady, of about 45, with white hair, was our host. The chauffeur called her "Lady——" in asking her a question, and some one who spoke to her through a window of the car also called her Lady Somebody.

It was plain to be seen from her bearing and the character of her equipage that we were the guests of some one of more than ordinary consequence. My wife at once pricked up her ears, and said to the Lady, "I am Mrs. Allsopp, of Arkansas; will you not tell us who you are?"

"I am Lady ——," said she, as she graciously shook hands with all of us and we introduced ourselves. She then gave the driver directions as to where to go, saying, "They have arranged an itinerary for this drive, but I am going to take you over my favorite route," to which we were glad to assent.

"Do you reside here?" asked one of the curious ladies.

"Yes, I was born and raised here," she said with a twinkle in her eye and an accent which would indicate that she was, at least, of Irish extraction.

The hums and ahs of the ladies invited further disclosures, but they were apparently somewhat overawed by unexpectedly finding themselves in the presence of a titled lady. It was a new sensation to some of them.

Lady ——, however, was rather loquacious, and not at all averse to talk about herself. She was led up to inform us that she had married Lord ——, who took her to England to live; that they returned to Canada on a visit before the breaking out of the war, and subsequent events had detained them longer than expected.

It was plain to be seen that, while she was no ordinary woman, but was quick-witted, full of life,—with a strong personality, she was in fact uneducated in the higher sense, and, believing that this interesting woman had a story to tell, if she could be induced to disclose it, I ventured to say:

"Lady ——, would you mind telling us something of the romance which I am sure is connected with your life?"

"Not at all," said she, and as we rolled along a delightful driveway on the bank of the picturesque Nashwaak River, with the enthusiasm of a young girl, she related the following remarkable story:

"I was a telephone operator at Fredericton (she mentioned her maiden name, but I have forgotten it) when my future husband arrived at this place from England as a sportsman in quest of

game, the plentiutde of which in this neighborhood he had heard of. Before I knew who he was, I had a brief conversation with him one evening over the phone about a long distance message, and he inquired of me, 'who are you?'

"I replied, 'I am the telephone operator.'

"'But what is your name?'

"'None of your business,' I replied.

"'Well, I am going to find out to whom that cheery voice belongs,' he said.

"'It won't do you any good,' said I.

"'I am coming to see you,' he persisted.

"'No you are not,' I retorted, and hung up the receiver.

"I heard that he inquired about me, and my informants told me that he was a member of an aristocratic English family. He later made it a point to get a friend to introduce him to me, and he asked permission to call. I refused for a time to see him, but he sent me messages and flowers, and was so persistent, that I finally allowed him to call at my mother's home.

"After a brief courtship, he proposed marriage, and I became his wife. He was then without a title. His brother was Earl of ———. Sometime afterward, my husband's father, mother and brother had all departed this life, and he inherited the title and estate of the family in ———shire, England.

"It became necessary for us to go to England, where we soon landed. It was a great transition for me. Think of my bewilderment when I beheld the broad acres and the numerous houses which comprised the estate, and how dumbfounded I was when I learned that I was the mistress of a retinue of fifty-two servants, with all the attendant responsibilities.

"The first morning, I went down to the kitchen and started to prepare breakfast, as I had done at home in Fredericton, but the butlers and cooks objected, saying, 'You are the first Lady ——— who ever entered a kitchen;,' but I insisted on cooking the

breakfast, and the servants thought it so good that they came near eating it all up."

She related other experiences as interesting, amid laughter, and to her evident pleasure.

The driver of the machine was so well trained that Lady —— had only to pause in her conversation when referring to such points of interest as the Scoodewapscookis Club, the Pokick Falls, the Penniac Bridge, the old home of Benedict Arnold, the Anglican Cathedral, or the University, to cause him to instantly halt, as if he had been implicitly told to do so. We were thus enabled to obtain views of the attractions of this delightful place which would have been otherwise impossible, and a more agreeable excursion, on a perfect day, could not well be imagined.

Lady —— had little trouble in prevailing on us to accompany her to her home, where she entertained us with tea and cake, in old English style, and pleased me by seating me in an English chair, which she said was 400 years old; while the ladies were shown curiosities and ancient heirlooms which had descended from her husband's family, including his hunting trophies from all over the world.

My wife insisted on taking the lady to our train, which invitation she did not hesitate to accept, and where all the ladies of Car Four were presented. Lady —— seemed to enjoy the lark so much that I doubt if her triumphal entry into her husband's ancient ancestral halls in England was more inspiring or edifying to her. She was something of a curiosity to the editors' wives, but they accorded her a cordial reception.

At night, Lady —— was one of the hostesses at the reception and ball given to the newspaper people by the Governor-General, at the Parliament House.

For many days afterwards, as we sped along our way, Lady —— was the chief topic of conversation among the ladies on the train. But the men who had not been privileged to meet

Lady ———, boasted of having seen a curiosity, too, of a ruder kind. In the Baker Hotel at Fredericton there was exhibited a stuffed frog, which was said to have weighed forty pounds. I don't know whether we were taken for greenhorns and our informant intended to impose on our credulity, or not, but a local newspaper man told the following story about this frog:

"Many years ago, the floor of a Paris butcher shop was torn up, disclosing an enormous frog, which had become overgrown by drinking the blood which had soaked through the floor of the butcher shop. A Fredericton man thought he would try the experiment of fattening a frog in this way, so he captured one which was large to begin with, and he fed him blood and oatmeal for several months, with the result that he became a monster, but finally died, when he was stuffed and placed on exhibition in the glass case in which you see him."



CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN CONCLUSION—MUSINGS AND YEARNINGS.

THERE is an end to everything. To the author, the completion of a composition of any considerable length, like the termination by the traveler of a tedious journey, sometimes brings relief. Possibly, some of my readers will sigh with relief at the approaching close of this story. At the end of his passage, the traveler is usually disposed to rest up, or knock around a bit for relaxation; so, at the wind-up of the modest undertaking comprised in these pages, I should like to banish the subject and let my thoughts roam at will.

Being mindful, however, of another ending, which cannot be deferred many years, my mind's-eye, with retrospective sweep, reviews the events of my life, as I might run over the contents of this little book.

It may be that some who take up this volume, do so with keen interest for the whole field of newspaper work, and with some curiosity to note how a life, closely engaged in newspaper-making, finds itself, at the end of a fairly long devotion to newspaper interests. I am in the mood to take stock of myself, as it were, and I feel sure that in all honest reflection there is a grain of help for others. Therefore, I indite sincerely and frankly my assets and liabilities.

The superficial summing up thus made of the net results of my struggles, and consequent successes and failures, is not entirely reassuring.

I find the gains of the years, besides a devoted wife, tolerably creditable children, and a fair standing among my fellows, include the making of some material headway in the world, and the acquirement of a few gratifying accomplishments, as the result of application and hard work, while engaged in an intelligent, up-

lifting and congenial occupation. My mind, my outlook has surely been helped in every way.

The losses embrace opportunities gone forever, wasted energies, impaired vitality through the wear and tear of time; pleasures that might have been enjoyed through a closer compliance with secular and religious duties, and the satisfaction that might have been derived through the performance of much that I have desired to do for my fellow-man and the world, but which remains undone.

A detailed enumeration of my inconspicuous acts, might look reasonably well, from the ordinary worldly standpoint; but I fear that the letter of credit which I shall carry into the next world will be of such a negative character as to avail me little.

As may be gleaned from my narrative, I have been absorbed in my business, practically to the exclusion of everything else. I have grown old in the service of the Arkansas Gazette,—the “Old Lady.” I still love her with the refined regard which one has for an ideal with which he has grown up, that has helped him, and which he has helped; that has shared all his joys and sorrows, never disappointed his expectations, never deserted him in his hours of weakness, or turned a deaf ear to his appeals.

I love my work, and am conscious of what is doubtless a laudable and natural ambition to go ahead, in a proper way, with increased efforts, to add to my accomplishments as long as I live,—each year to show growth,—to get somewhere.

But there are times when the man who is best satisfied with the state of his affairs is apt to feel that he would like to forsake the turmoil of the world; when he courts solitude, to meditate on his sins. There are so many things in this wonderful world to see, so many things which we could do, or imagine we could do, if we were absolutely free agents, removed from the cares and duties connected with a going business, which, in this age of

extreme competition, must be looked after every minute with the watchfulness of a fond parent for a helpless child.

For nearly two score years, I have sat at a desk in the same old office, at the same old game. I don't know whether it is due to alluring memories of the green fields, leafy shades and salubrious air of recent vacations, after which it was hard to get back in work harness; but I feel that I am to some extent now influenced by a subconscious tendency to shrink from business complications and their entangling alliances; to wish that I could oftener be spared the petty annoyances connected with dealing with the dear public,—the eternal consideration of dishonored checks and notes, the lending and borrowing of money, the hearing of wage and other complaints, the granting and declining of solicited favors, the hearing of innumerable tales of woe, and other vexations.

When I was young, after my playful days were over, I naturally gravitated toward the city, and to the newspaper office. Now I find myself returning to the yearnings of my early boyhood for the liberties and the adventures of the great out-of-doors. The work of the printing office, which in my later youth I considered play, has grown somewhat stale, through long familiarity.

In future years, on some sweet day,
When life's hard work is done,
I hope to taste more of earth's joys—
By earnest effort won.

I long to change the click of type,
The rumbling of the press,
For other sounds and other scenes,
With less of business stress.

I want to be a child again,
To tramp through stubble fields;
To gather in my old straw hat
The fruit the orchard yields.

I pine to hunt the tangled wilds
 In flower-culling quest,
Just as I did in boyhood days,—
 And with as keen a zest.

I crave to climb for nests and nuts
 While roaming through the woods;
To fish, and hunt, and loaf and think
 In quiet neighborhoods.

I wish to swim the old mill pond;
 In trickling brooks to wade;
And to indulge my fickle will
 In sunshine and in shade.

I sigh to watch the waving trees,
 To listen to the birds,
And thus commune with Nature more,
 When starved on idle words.

I yearn to lie on earth's green sward,
 And seek the open skies,
To see if God will not unveil
 Some mysteries from my eyes.

Then when I cannot venture out
 The pulsing world to see,
I want to have some good old books
 To keep me company.

And when I have outlived these joys,
 God grant me that content
Which comes with ripe experience,—
 From days that were well spent.

When hoary age creeps up, and thrusts
 Me in the silent room,
May happy glimpses of the past
 Free my last hours of gloom.





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